



Stories of the Sea: Maritime Memorates of Ireland and Scotland

Fomin, M., & Mac Mathúna, S. (2016). *Stories of the Sea: Maritime Memorates of Ireland and Scotland*. Curach Bhán Publications. http://www.curach-bhan.com/index.php?main_page=product_bookx_info&cPath=1_6&products_id=352&zenid=coofut1h0kmjt60j70mrel3fj1

[Link to publication record in Ulster University Research Portal](#)

Publication Status:

Published (in print/issue): 26/08/2016

Document Version

Publisher's PDF, also known as Version of record

General rights

Copyright for the publications made accessible via Ulster University's Research Portal is retained by the author(s) and / or other copyright owners and it is a condition of accessing these publications that users recognise and abide by the legal requirements associated with these rights.

Take down policy

The Research Portal is Ulster University's institutional repository that provides access to Ulster's research outputs. Every effort has been made to ensure that content in the Research Portal does not infringe any person's rights, or applicable UK laws. If you discover content in the Research Portal that you believe breaches copyright or violates any law, please contact pure-support@ulster.ac.uk.

STORIES OF THE SEA

Maritime Memorates
of Ireland & Scotland

Maxim Fomin &
Séamus Mac Mathúna

in collaboration with
John Shaw & Críostóir Mac Cárthaigh
assisted by Séamus Mac Floinn

curach bhán publications



2016

Bibliographische Information der Deutschen Nationalbibliothek
Die Deutschen Nationalbibliothek verzeichnet diese Publikation in der Deutschen Nationalbibliographie; detaillierte bibliographische Daten sind im Internet unter <http://dnb.ddb.de> abrufbar.

Maxim Fomin and Séamus Mac Mathúna
(in collaboration with John Shaw and Críostóir Mac Cárthaigh, assisted by Séamus Mac Floinn):
Stories of the Sea: Maritime Memorates of Ireland and Scotland

Hardback ISBN: 978-3-942002-16-5
Paperback ISBN: 978-3-942002-25-7

Copyright 25-7 by the author 2016 and curach bhán publications – daniel büchner
Verlag für Kunst & Kulturwissenschaften
Malplaquetstr. 25 – D-13347 Berlin – Germany
<http://www.curach-bhan.com>

Alle Rechte, auch die der Übersetzung, des auszugsweisen Nachdrucks, der Herstellung von Microfilmen, der digitalen und fotomechanischen Wiedergabe, vorbehalten.
All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reprinted or reproduced in any electronic, mechanical or other means, including photocopying and recording, or otherwise without prior written consent of the publisher or the authors.

Gedruckt auf säurefreiem und alterungsbeständigem Papier gemäß ISO 9706.

Textsatz & Karten: curach bhán publications
Umschlaggestaltung: Natalia Abelian – www.deszsign.com.
Druck: SDL Digitaler Buchdruck, Berlin

Printed in Germany 2016

This publication received support from:



Arts & Humanities
Research Council



THE UNIVERSITY of EDINBURGH

Stories of the Sea
Maritime Memorates of Ireland & Scotland

Maxim Fomin & Séamus Mac Mathúna

in collaboration with
John Shaw & Críostóir Mac Cárthaigh
assisted by Séamus Mac Floinn

curach bhán publications
2016

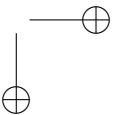
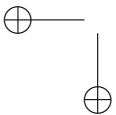
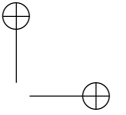
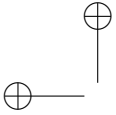


Table of Contents

Foreword	vii
Editorial Note	ix
Acknowledgements	x
List of Illustrations	xi

I. Stories from Ireland

1. <i>An Bád Sí</i> – Fairy Boat Vision	3 (66)
2. <i>An Bá agus an Sampla</i> – The Drowning and the Vision	4 (66)
3. <i>Coinín Sí agus Úir Bheannaithe Thoraigh</i> – Fairy Rabbit and the Blessed Earth of Tory	5 (66)
4. <i>Colann gan Ceann</i> – The Headless Ghost	8 (67)
5. Baling Water	9 (67)
6. Paddy Downey’s Phantom Boat	10 (67)
7. Mikie Lynch’s Phantom Boat	11 (67)
8. Jimmy Rooney’s Phantom Boat	11 (68)
9. Crocs in the Quarry	13 (68)
10. <i>Bá ag Ceathrú na gCloch</i> – Drowning at Ceathrú na gCloch	15 (68)
11. <i>Taibhsí ón Trá</i> – Ghosts from the Beach	18 (69)
12. <i>Na Daoine Maithe 7 Oileán Draíochta</i> – The Good Folk and a Magical Island	19 (69)
13. <i>Cill Stúthín</i> – Kilstiffin Island	22 (69)
14. St. Martin’s Night / City of Bannow	26 (70)
15. <i>Each Uisce Pat John Eoghain</i> – Pat John Eoghain’s Sea-horse	27 (70)

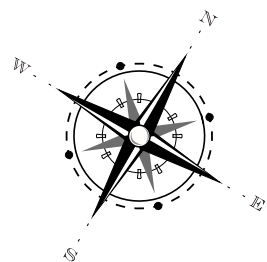
II. Stories from Scotland

1. <i>Bàthadh na Dubhsgeir</i> – Drowning at Black Rock	31 (71)
2. <i>Soitheach bho a cùrs aig Eilean nan Uan</i> – Boat off-course at Eilean nan Uan	34 (71)
3. <i>Feadhainn a Chaidh a Chanada</i> – People that Went to Canada	35 (71)
4. <i>An Crodh-Mara</i> – Sea-cattle	37 (71)
5. <i>Solais is Taibhsean</i> – Ghostly Light	39 (72)
6. Brig Exmouth	41 (72)
7. <i>Stòiridh a’ Titanic</i> – Story of the Titanic	42 (72)
8. <i>Each Mara Mhàiri Iain Mhicheil</i> – Màiri Iain Micheal’s Sea-horse	46 (73)
9/10. <i>Cunntais air a’ Mhaighdean Mhara</i> – Stories about Mermaids	47 (73)
11. <i>Manadh an Sgadain</i> – Premonition about Herring	50 (73)
12. <i>Am Faireachadh</i> – The Inkling	53 (74)
13. <i>Na Ròin a bha a’ Tilgeadh nan Clach</i> – Seals throwing Stones	55 (74)
14. Escape from Water-horse	57 (74)
15. Mermaid or <i>Doppelgänger</i>	59 (75)
16. Kidnapped by Water-Spirit	59 (75)

Notes

Abbreviations	63
Bibliography	64
Notes to Texts from Ireland	66
Notes to Texts from Scotland	71
List of Categories	76
List of Motifs from S. Thompson’s <i>Motif-Index of Folk Literature</i>	77

List of Motifs from M. Simonsuuri–L. Jauhiainen’s <i>The Type and Motif Index of Finnish Belief Legends and Memorates</i>	79
List of Tale Types from R.Th. Christiansen’s <i>The Migratory Legends</i> and B. Almqvist’s <i>Migratory Legend Suggested Irish Type</i>	79
List of Geographical Locations	80
List of Informants	82
List of Collectors	82

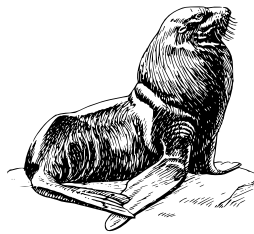


Foreword

THE following publication presents the preliminary findings of the research project 'Stories of the Sea: A Typological Study of Maritime Memorates in Modern Irish and Scottish Gaelic Folklore Traditions', based at the Research Institute for Irish and Celtic Studies at the Ulster University, and carried out in partnership with staff of Scottish and Celtic Studies, University of Edinburgh, and the National Folklore Collection, School of Irish, Celtic Studies, Irish Folklore and Linguistics, University College Dublin (UCD). The project was funded by the UK Arts and Humanities Research Council (AHRC) between September 2010 – February 2013, and we are grateful to the AHRC for their generous support and co-operation.

The aim of the project was to examine a variety of extraordinary maritime personal experiences from Ireland and Scotland which occur in liminal spatiotemporal contexts. Characteristically, these experiences involve encounters with ghosts, water creatures as well as other beings and objects. The stories include personal recollections ('memorates'), accounts retold on the basis of someone else's experience ('fabulates') and legends associated with particular events ('folk legends') or specific location ('local legends'). For a detailed overview on the project see further Fomin & Mac Mathúna 2015.

The material selected for the present work ranges from the late nineteenth century stories of the MacLagan collection (Edinburgh) down to contemporary legends from Dublin of the 1980s. The stories were collected from the following areas in Ireland – Antrim (Rathlin), Donegal (Teelin, Tory), Galway (Ballinakill), Mayo (Kilgalligan, Portacloy), Kerry (Great Blasket, Dingle, Curraghatoosane), Wexford (Duncormick), Waterford (Ardmore) – and in Scotland: Western Isles of Grimsay, Eriskay, Lewis (Stornoway), Berneray, Barra, Vatersay, Isle of Skye (Glendale), and Islay (Port Ellen) as well as Highlands (Glenelg, Lochcarron) and Argyll (Morvern).



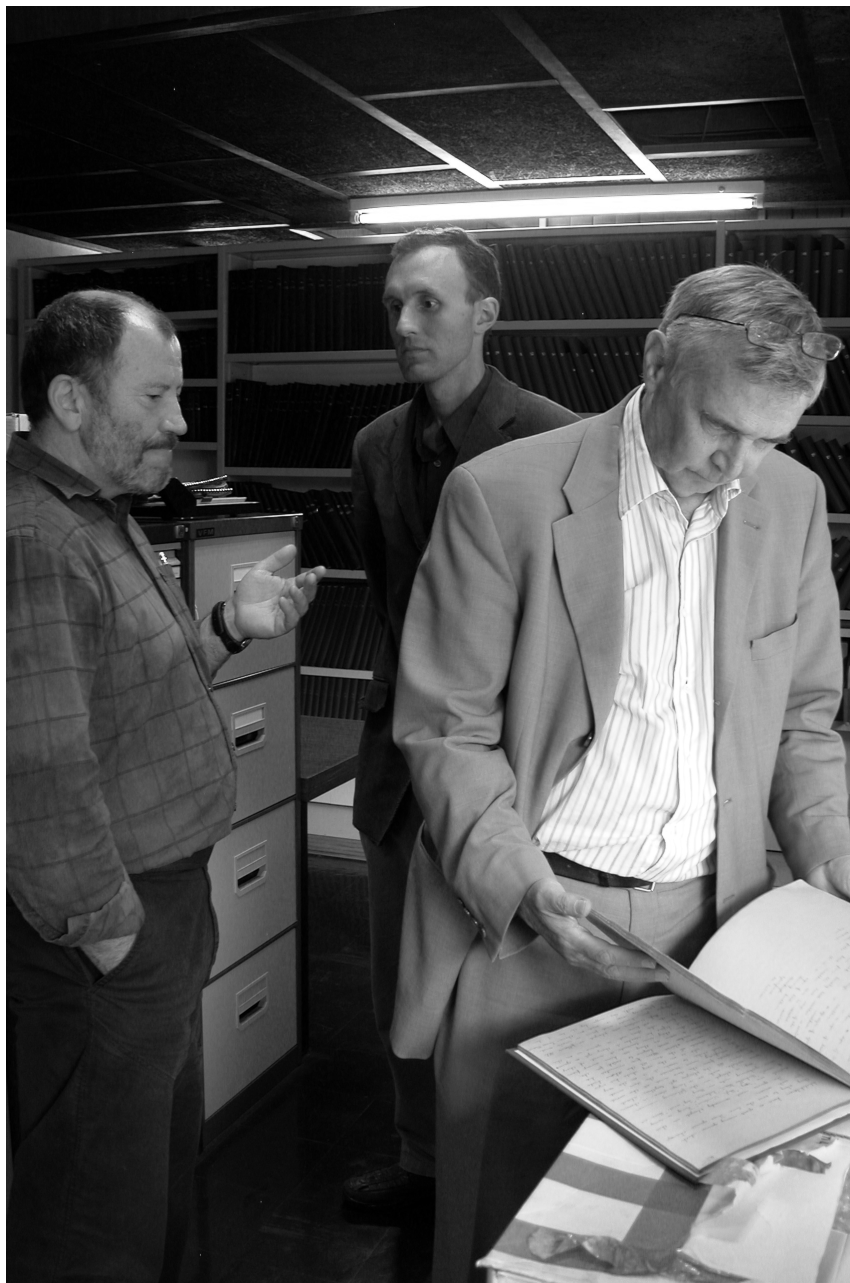


Fig. 1: **Left to right:** Críostóir Mac Cárthaigh, Maxim Fomin, Séamus Mac Mathúna

Editorial note

A short editorial note suffices to introduce the reader to the editorial practices of the team. Apart from standardising the pre-1958 Irish Gaelic and pre-1981 Scottish Gaelic forms along with the norms of *An Caighdeán Oifigiúil* (up-dated 2012) and *Gnàthachas Litreachadh na Gàidhlig* (up-dated 2006), we chose to follow the following conventions:

When dealing with archive materials, both transcriptions and audio recordings, the editorial approach of the team was to retain a number of dialectal forms as they may be of value for the study of Irish and Scottish dialects.

This concerned a number of conditional conjunctions (Mayo dial. *mara* vs. standard *muna* ‘if’), simple pronouns (Glenelg *’ad, siu* vs. standard *iad, sibh* ‘they/them, you’; Barra *sinn fhìn* vs. standard *sinn fhèin* ‘we ourselves’), prepositional pronouns (Mayo/Galway dial. *leob*, Ulster *leofa* vs. standard *leo* ‘with them’; Galway dial. *orthab, acab* vs. standard *orthu* ‘on them’, *acu* ‘at them’; Ulster *daoithe, uaidhe* vs. standard *di* ‘of her’, *uaidh* ‘from him’; Eriskay *ugam* vs. standard *thugam* ‘to me’; Glenelg *ama-sa* vs. standard *agam-sa* ‘at me’), prepositions (Munster dial. *roim, age* vs. standard *roimh, ‘before’, ag an* ‘at the’; N. Uist *dhan a’* vs. standard *do ’n* ‘to the’; Vatersay *an deoghaidh* vs. standard *an dèidh*, ‘after’), adverbs (Vatersay *reimhid* vs. standard *roimhe* ‘before’; Eriskay *a-bhus* vs. standard *a-bhos* ‘this side, here’), verbal nouns (Mayo *tíocht, ráit* vs. standard *teacht* ‘coming’, *rá* ‘saying’; Kerry *feiscint* vs. standard *feiceáil* ‘seeing’; Morvern *radhainn* vs. standard *ràdh* ‘saying’; N. Uist *cluinnnteil* vs. standard *cluinntinn* ‘hearing’), nouns (Mayo *céibhe, trághadh*, dial. gen. sg. of *cé* ‘quay’, *trá* ‘shore’ vs. standard gen. *cé, trá*; Morvern *dorast, ceidhe* vs. standard *dorus* ‘door’, *cidhe* ‘quay’), and verbal forms (Ulster dial. *tíonn* vs. standard *feiceann* ‘sees’; Kerry *chonac, ní fheacaigh* vs. standard *chonaic, ní fhaca* ‘saw, did not see’; Eriskay *thionndaich* vs. standard *thionndaidh* ‘turned’; Vatersay *gura h-i, gun fhaca* vs. standard *gur i* ‘that it was she’, *gun faca* ‘that she saw’).

Unless otherwise stated, transcriptions of tape recordings and manuscript sources have been carried out by members of the project team.

Square brackets are used with question marks to indicate difficulties in deciphering words/phrases in the audio recordings or to indicate omissions in the recordings. We sometimes suggest possible readings in these instances. Round brackets are used in the Gaelic original text to mark deletions of unnecessary words or phrases introduced by the informants while telling the stories. In English translations, square brackets are used to enter words and phrases to assist in better understanding of the original meaning of the stories.

With regard to our policy on dealing with place-names, some names are known only by their Gaelic forms in Gaelic-speaking areas. These generally have been retained in translation. On the other hand, other names are well-known by English forms and have been translated accordingly.

Acknowledgements

We are grateful to various people and bodies whose advice and co-operation contributed to the successful completion of the project: Professors Séamas Ó Catháin and Liam Mac Mathúna (UCD), Drs Cathlin Macaulay and Margaret Mackay (Edinburgh) of the project’s advisory board, and Dr Pádraig Ó Tiarnaigh (Conradh na Gaeilge), our former doctoral student.

We would like to thank the former Director of the National Folklore Collection, Professor Ríonach Uí Ógáin, for permission to publish material from the collection; we also thank Anna Bale (UCD) and Caroline Milligan (Edinburgh); Professor Ailbhe Ó Corráin, former Director of the Research Institute for Irish & Celtic Studies (Ulster University); Gemma Devlin, Director of the Inishowen Maritime Museum, Greencastle, Ireland; Anna Nic Guaire, Cultural Heritage Project Officer, Niall Woodrow, Manager of the Ionad Chaluum Chille Íle, Bowmore, Islay, Scotland, and Joan MacKenzie (Edinburgh).

Every attempt has been made to contact various bodies and organisations involved in collecting and making available the stories published in this collection.

Finally, we are deeply grateful to those informants who shared these stories of the sea with folklore collectors, which can now be presented to a wider audience for further dissemination, reflection and appreciation.

We acknowledge the following permissions:

I-0001 An Bád Sí – *Fairy Boat Vision* (p. 3), **I-0003** Coinín Sí agus Úir Bheannaithe Thoraigh – *The Fairy Rabbit and the Blessed Earth of Tory* (p. 5), **I-0009** Crocs in the Quarry (p. 13), **I-0010**: Bá ag Ceathrú na gCloch – *Drowning at Ceathrú na gCloch* (p. 15), **I-0011**: Taibhsí ón Trá – *Ghosts from the Beach* (p. 18), **I-0012**: Na Daoine Maithe 7 Oileán Draíochta – *The Good Folk and a Magical Island* (p. 19), **I-0013**: Cill Stuihín – *Kilstiffin Island* (p. 22), **I-0014**: St. Martin’s Night / City of Bannow (p. 26), **I-0015**: Pat John Eoghain’s Sea-Horse (p. 27), **S-0011**: Manadh an Sgadain – *Premonition about Herring* (p. 50), **S-0012**: Am Faireachadh – *The Inkling* (p. 53), **S-0013**: Na Róin a bha a’ Tilgeadh nan Clach – *Seals throwing Stones* (p. 55):
Courtesy of Comhairle Bhéaloideas Éireann, Cnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann/The Folklore of Ireland Council, National Folklore Collection UCD.

I-0004 Colann gan Ceann – *The Headless Ghost* (p. 8):
Courtesy of Comhairle Bhéaloideas Éireann, Cnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann/The Folklore of Ireland Council, National Folklore Collection UCD and Séamas Ó Catháin.

I-0002 An Bá agus an Sampla – *The Drowning and The Vision* (p. 4):
© Brenda Ní Shúilleabháin, 2007. Reprinted by kind permission of Mercier Press Ltd., Cork.

I-0005 Baling Water (p. 9):
Courtesy of Dundalgan Press (W. Tempest) Limited.

I-0006 Paddy Downey’s Phantom Boat (p. 10), **I-0007** Mikie Lynch’s Phantom Boat (p. 11), **I-0008** Jimmy Rooney’s Phantom Boat (p. 11):
Courtesy of James T. Quain and the *Ardmore Journal*.

S-0001 Bãthadh na Dubhsgeir – *The Drowning at Black Rock* (p. 31), **S-0004** An Crodh-Mara – *The Sea-cattle* (p. 37), **S-0005** Solais is Taibhsean – *Ghostly Light* (p. 39), **S-0006** Brig Exmouth (p. 41):
Reproduced with permission of the University of Edinburgh: Celtic and Scottish Studies

S-0002 Soitheach bho a cúrs aig Eilean nan Uan – *Boat off-course at Eilean nan Uan* (p. 34),
S-0003 Feadhainn a Chaidh a Chanada – *The People that Went to Canada* (p. 35)
Reproduced with permission of Acair Ltd.

S-0007 Stòiridh a’ Titanic – *Story of the Titanic* (p. 42)

Courtesy of the University of Edinburgh: School of Scottish Studies Archives; reproduced with kind permission of Lachlan Morrison

S-0008 Each Mara Mhàiri Iain Mhicheal – *Màiri Iain Mìcheal’s Sea Horse* (p. 46), **S-0009** Cunntais air a’ Mhaighdean Mhara – *Stories about Mermaids* (p. 47):

Courtesy of the University of Edinburgh: School of Scottish Studies Archives; reproduced with kind permission of Hector MacLeod

S-0014: Escape from Water-horse (p. 57), **S-0015**: Mermaid or Doppelgänger (p. 59), **S-0016**: Kidnapped by Water-Spirit (p. 59):

Courtesy of the University of Edinburgh: School of Scottish Studies Archives.

Illustrations

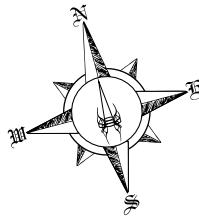
Fig. 1 (p. viii); fig. 5 (p. 10); fig. 17 (p. 75): courtesy Natalia Abelian.

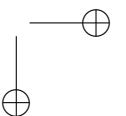
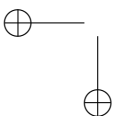
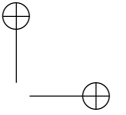
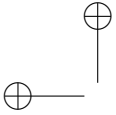
Fig. 2 (p. 3); fig. 3 (p. 7); fig. 4 (p. 9): © courtesy of the National Folklore Collection, UCD, Dublin, Inis Meáin/Inishmaan, Co. Galway, Ireland. Photographer: Tomás Ó Muirchertaig, c. 1940. fig. 6 (p. 12); fig. 7 (p. 14): © courtesy of the National Folklore Collection, UCD, Dublin, Photo no. UFP00014, Lucan, Co. Dublin, May 1980, Photographer: Séamas Mac Philib. fig. 8 (p. 21); fig. 9 (p. 23); fig. 10 (p. 24): NFC M Ms. 107; fig. 11 (p. 25): NFC M Ms. 107:

© National Folklore Collection, University College Dublin.

Fig. 12 (p. 36): REF 8621; fig. 13 (p. 41): REF 8615; fig. 14 (p. 45): REF 5103; fig. 15 (p. 49); fig. 16 (p. 58): MS MacLagan 8122: © courtesy School of Scottish Studies Archives, University of Edinburgh.

Maps page 2, 30, and 62: curach bhán publications.





Stories from Ireland



Map 1: Stories from Ireland

Black Symbols: Stories in English
White Symbols: Stories in Irish

An Bád Sí
Fairy Boat Vision

Great Blasket (Kerry), Map No.: 1 (notes p. 66)

I-0001/MM(G)

Pádraig (Peats Tom) Ó Cearnaigh

Bhíos féin is Muiris Cuainí ag dul 'on bhfaill lá agus bhí seol ar an naomhóg¹ againn agus chonac féin naomhóg triúir im choinne agus í ag déanamh orainn. Agus ní bheadh a bhac orm iad a dh'aithniúint dar liom dá dtógfainn aon cheann mór dóibh. Bhí an fear eile i mbun an tseoil, agus ní raibh aon radharc aige ortha agus ní dúirt aon ní leis. Bhí sí ag déanamh orainn cruinn díreach agus nuair a bhí sí ana-gheairid dúinn ghaibh sí lastuaidh dúinn. Agus chuaigh a tosach ar scáth an tseoil orm ar dtús agus bhí a deireadh le feiscint agam, agus nuair a chuaigh a deireadh ar scáth an tseoil bhí súil agam go bhfeicfinn a tosach ach ní raibh sé le feiscint agam. Leagadh an seol láithreach ansan, agus ní raibh aon phioc ann di. N'fheacaigh Muiris Cuainí ó thús deireadh í.

Myself and Muiris Cuainí set off one day for the cliff in the boat' with the sail raised. I saw a three-man curragh coming towards us. I felt it should be easy to make out who they were if I looked carefully. The other man was tending to the sail at the time and I said nothing to him. She was heading directly towards us, and when she got very close she swung away to our starboard. As she did so her bow passed out of sight behind our sail and then her stern, and I expected to see her bow emerge on the other side of the sail, but it didn't. We lowered the sail immediately, but there was no trace of it. At no stage did Muiris Cuainí ever see her.



Fig. 2: Loading a two-man 'Skay' curragh in the island of Inishkea North (Co. Mayo, 1938).

¹ *Curragh*, traditionally a skin-boat or a hide-boat; *naomhóg* is the form of the word used in Cork and Kerry.

An Bá agus an Sampla
The Drowning and The Vision

Dingle (Kerry), Map No.: 2 (notes p. 66)

I-0002/MM(G)

Anonymous

BÁTHADH Peaidí Mhuiris agus iad san, agus is cuimhin liom a bheith age baile an mhaighdin sin, ní rabhas pósta, agus dúirt duine éigin go raibh naomhóg a’ missáil, agus bhí m’athair ag iascach an oíche sin. Agus bhí *stations* thoir ag na Sullivans i mBaile Dháith, agus tháinig Fr Tom i leith, bhí sé ag féachaint siar ar an gcuan. Dh’fhanas istigh i dteannta Neain, mar bhíodh sé ag teacht i leith chun Comaoine a thabhairt di, mar ní raibh sí ábalta ar dhul soir an uair sin. Ó! Nuair a chualamar cad a bhí tarlaithe! Ach chuala rud éigin mar gheall air sin roim ré.

Déarfaidh mé leat é. Bhí Griffin ó Bhaile Dháith ann, a’ dtuigeann tú, Kelly a ghlaoidís air, agus bhí a mháthair sin amuigh i Leac Snámha, dulta amach ar turas go dtí mac di a bhí pósta ann. Agus an oíche Dhomhnaigh sin, dhúisigh sí amach as a codladh, agus chonaic sí an fear amuigh, agus maircréal mór groí ina láimh aige. Saghas éigin taibhseamh nó rud éigin. B’ é a mac san a bhí ann, agus Peaidí Mhuiris agus an Doll ó Arda Mór. Agus bhí leanaí éigin ag teacht ó scoil, n’fheadar an oíche tar éis gur báthadh iad, agus go raibh fear éigin ina gcoinne agus go rabhadar ag caint leis agus gurb é Kelly a bhí ann. Ach dúradh go ndeineadh sampla éigin do naomhóg éigin an oíche sin, go bhfacthas rud éigin ar a’ bhfarraige.

Paddy Mhuiris and the others were drowned, and I remember being at home that morning. I wasn’t married. And somebody said there was a boat missing, and my father was fishing that night. And there were Stations [of the Cross] over in Sullivans’ in Baile Dháith, so Fr Tom came over and he was looking over at the harbour. I stayed in the house with Neain because Fr Tom used to come over to bring Communion to her, as she was not able to go over by herself by that time. Oh! When we heard what had happened! And I heard something about this in advance.

I’ll tell you about it. There was a man called Griffin from Baile Dháith, but they called him Kelly, you know, and his mother had gone over to Leac Snámha [Lixnam], on a visit to a son of hers who was married there. And that Sunday night she awoke out of her sleep and saw a man outside with a huge mackerel in his hand. A kind of vision or something. It was her son who was there together with Paddy Mhuiris and the [man whose nick-name was] Doll from Arda Mór. And there were children coming from school. I don’t know if it was the night after the men were drowned—and they [the children] had met a man on the road—and they were talking to him; and it was Kelly. And it was said that a certain boat had some kind of apparition that night, that something was seen at sea.



Coinín Sí agus Úir Bheannaithe Thoraigh
The Fairy Rabbit and the Blessed Earth of Tory

Tory Island (Donegal), Map No.: 3 (notes p. 66)

I-0003/MF(G)

Jimí Dixon

BA iascaire mór m’athair mór. Donnchadh Ó Duibhir ab ainm dó, agus le cois a bheith ina fhear mhaith farraige, bhí snámh iontach aige. Fear láidir i gceart a bhí ann fosta. Ba ghnách leis a ghabháil soir go ceann thoir an oileáin, agus fear ón bhaile sin a thabhairt leis amach a dh’iascaireacht. I bPort an Dúin a bhí an curach aige, agus ba thart ar an taoibh ó thuaidh den oileán a níodh sé cuid mhór dá chuid iascaireachta.

D’imigh sé soir tráthnóna amháin deas samhraidh. Tharraing sé ar a chomrádaí, agus chuaigh an bheirt go Port an Dúin. Thug siad an acúinn² agus an curach síos ó bharr an chladaigh, agus d’imigh siad thart ag tarraingt ar an aird a tuaidh.

Tá áit ar an taoibh thoir den oileán comhgarach don Dún, a dtugann siad Poll an Rutáin air. Tá uaimh ann, agus théid siad isteach ar thaoibh daoithi agus amach ar an taoibh eile, agus tá aichearra mhór ansin le taoibh a bheith ag gabháil thart le gaosán an Toir Mhóir. Fríd Pholl an Rutáin a bhí siadsan ag gabháil an tráthnóna seo. Cha rabh smid ghaoithe ann, agus bhí an fharraige chomh ciúin le clár.

Chonaic siad coinín ina shuí in airde ins an bhinn os a gcionn, agus dar leofa go rabh sé dána i gceart. Tharraing m’athair mór isteach a chéaslaigh, agus thoisigh sé dá bhualadh ar bhéal an churaigh, ach dheamhan ribe a bhog siad ann, agus char fhág sé áit a bhoinn. Bhí an curach caite ansin ar an uisce, agus thoisigh an bheirt a’ scairtí agus a’ bhúirfí, ach is cosúil nach rabh tóir ar bith le cur air.

“A Dhonnchaidh,” arsa fear a bhí i ndeireadh an churaigh le m’athair mór, “chan coinín saolta é seo!” Leis sin féin tionsann siad an tonn mhór ag tarraingt orthu.

“Coisreacan Dé orainn!” arsa siadsan. Tháinig an tonn orthu, agus d’éirigh an curach ar an toinn thair a leath. Leis sin féin tionsann siad tonn eile ag tarraingt orthu a bhí i bhfad ní ba mheasa ná an chéad cheann. Bhuaile an tonn seo an curach sa taoibh, agus chuir sí a tóin os a cionn, agus sula rabh faill acu a n-anam a thabhairt do Dhia is do Mhuire, tháinig tonn eile den chineál chéanna, agus thaosc sí anuas sa mhullach orthu féin agus ar an churach, ach mar sin féin char lig siad amach a ngreim. Scairt m’athair mór leis an fhear eile greim maith a choinneáil ar an churach. Chuaigh sé féin ar an tsnámh, agus é ag tarraingt an churaigh ina dhiaidh lena leathláimh. Cha rabh sé ábalta an curach a thabhairt chun talaimh san áit a rabh siad, agus b’éigean dó an curach agus an fear a bhí crochta aisti a tharraingt ina dhiaidh píosa fada.

Bhí go maith. Streacháil sé leis go dtug sé an curach isteach ag taoibh leice, agus d’éirigh leis a chomrádaí a chur i dtír. Nuair a tháinig siad chucu féin beagán, thiompaigh siad an curach, ach bhí an dá chéaslaigh ar an tsnámh go fóill. Chuaigh Donnchadh ar an tsnámh arís, agus chuaigh sé amach, agus thug isteach na céaslaigh. Chuaigh an bheirt amach ansin gur thóg siad na crannógaí agus an treachlaisc eile a chaill siad. Phill siad isteach go Port an Dúin ansin fliuch báite, briste brúite.

² *acmhainn* ‘fishing gear and boat equipment’ (see also Ó hEochaidh’s note in the text of the tale: *iomlán gléasraí báid* ‘all equipment of a boat’).

Bhí barúil ag an bheirt fhear sin rith a saoil, agus chualáí mé féin m’athair mór ag trácht air fiche uair, gur coinín sí a bhí sa cheann a bhí in airde sa bhinn os a gcionn, agus gur fhéach sé lena gcailleadh. Bhí gráinnín de úir Thoraigh leofa ins an churach, agus, ar ndóiche, char éirigh leis siocair go rabh.

My grandfather, Donnchadh Ó Duibhir, was a great fisherman, and as well as being a good seaman he was a wonderful swimmer. He was a very strong man, too. He used to go over to the eastern point of the island, and take a man from that area out fishing with him. It was in Port an Dúin he kept his curragh and it was on the north side of the island he did most of his fishing.

One fine summer evening he went east to meet his comrade and the two of them went over to Port an Dúin. They took all the boat-gear and the curragh down to the edge of the strand and set out for the northern shore.

There is a place on the east of the island near the Dún called Poll an Rutáin.³

There is a cave there, and one goes in one end and out the other and it is a shortcut compared with having to go round the nose of Tor Mór. It was through Poll an Rutáin they were going that evening. There was not a breath of wind and the sea was as flat as a board.⁴

They saw a rabbit sitting up on the height overhead and it seemed to them it was very bold. My grandfather drew in his paddle and began to beat it against the edge of the curragh but not a hair did they move of the rabbit which did not stir from where it sat. The curragh was bobbing about on the water by then and both men began to shout and roar but it seems there was no hunting it away. “Donnchadh, that is no earthly rabbit!” said the man in the stern of the curragh to my grandfather. With that they saw a great wave coming upon them.

“God save us!” they cried. The wave swept the curragh halfway over its crest. With that they saw another wave much worse than the first one. It struck the curragh amidship and capsized it, and before they had time to offer their souls to God and Mary another wave of the same kind broke over them, but they did not let go their hold of the curragh. My grandfather shouted to the other man to keep a good grip, and he himself began to swim and draw the curragh after him with one hand. He was not able to bring the curragh to land where he was, and he had to draw the curragh and the man hanging on it a long way.

Well and good. He struggled on until he got the curragh in beside a flat rock and succeeded in landing his comrade. When they had come to themselves a little they turned the curragh but the two paddles were still afloat. Donnchadh went out swimming again and brought in the paddles. They both went out then and rescued the line-frames and other gear they had lost. They returned to Port an Dúin sodden wet, bruised and exhausted.

As long as they lived both men held, and I heard my grandfather speak of it a score of times, that it was a fairy rabbit they had seen on the height above them and that it was trying to drown them. They had a small amount of the earth of Tory in the curragh, and that surely is why it did not succeed.

³ Mod. Ir. *rután* ‘small route, hidden track’.

⁴ ‘As flat as a board’ is a translation of the Irish phrase *chomh ciúin le clár* which means ‘dead calm’.



Fig. 3: Group of men with fishing equipment. Left to right: John Gannon, Anthony Gannon, Seán Rowland, Michael Corduff, Ros Dumhach/Rosspport, Co. Mayo (c. 1939)

Colann gan Ceann
The Headless Ghost

Kilgalligan (Mayo), Map No.: 4 (notes p. 67)

I-0004/MM(G)

Seán ÓhEirí

BA oíche Shathairn a bhí ann agus bhí muid ag iarraidh bradán fad ó shin. Ach bhí ceathrar againn ann agus—bhíodh—triúr a bhíodh ag iomramh i gcónaí an uair sin agus fear thiar chun deiridh ag gabháil. Ach ba oíche Shathairn a bhí ann agus bhíthí an uair sin amach, ag gabháil amach, ar ndóiche, ag gabháil le cineál gadaíocht—dá gceapfadh an Garda thú ag gabháil amach, nó báirseoir, níor mhaith duit é; bhainfí na heangacha daot agus an curach. Ach chuaigh muid amach—bhí an clapholas go maith ann agus ag gabháil amach dúinn, ba luath linn a ghabháil ag caitheamh eangacha—bhí an oíche cineál—ní raibh ár saith gaoithe ann ar chaoi éigin le haghaidh bradán—bhí sí cineál ciúin. Ach dúirt fear a bhí ag gabháil chun deiridh, a dúirt sé: ‘Gabhfaidh muid isteach ins an bPoll Dorcha ar an bhfoscadh’, a dúirt sé, ‘go fóill.’ Sin é an Poll Dorcha ar chúl na Leice Thoir, tá fhios agat, faoin Strapa Ghorm ag Barr na Spince. Sin an áit a bhfuil an Poll Dorcha. Ach nuair a bhí muid istigh scathamh agus fear ag lasadh a phíopa. ‘Bhail, go raibh bhur n-anam ag na piarsaigh,’ a dúirt an fear a bhí chun deiridh, ‘cuirigí amach bhur gcuid maidí agus tugaigí daoithi. Breathnaigí ar an rud atá istigh ar an gcarraig.’ Ach thug mé féin thart mo shúil ar mhodh ar bith agus ba ó inniu agus an lá sin, sílim gur colann gan ceann a bhí ann. Ach más ea—ach chaill muid allas go raibh muid *landáilte* ar thrá Phort an Chlóidh. Agus dúirt an fear a bhí chun deiridh go bhfaca sé—go raibh sé ag faire scathamh air—gur fear a bhí ann agus nach raibh cloigeann ar bith air. Ach más ea, shaothraigh muid an tráthnóna sin gur bhain muid an trá amach. Ach ariamh ó shin ní dheacha mé amach aon oíche Shathairn ag iarraidh bradán.

It was one Saturday night long ago when we were out fishing for salmon. There were four of us—three of us rowing, at that time, and one man at the rudder. It was a Saturday night and, of course, they used to be going out poaching as it were—if the Guard or a bailiff caught you, it would be too bad; you would lose your nets and your curragh. Anyway, we went out at twilight or after and we thought it a bit too early to cast our nets on the way out—the night was sort of, somehow we didn’t have enough wind for salmon—it was a bit on the calm side. So the man who was in control of the boat in the stern said: ‘We’ll take shelter in An Poll Dorcha for a while,’ said he. That’s An Poll Dorcha over behind An Leac, you know, under An Strapa Ghorm at Barr na Spince. That’s where An Poll Dorcha is. So when we went in there a while a man lit his pipe. ‘Well, damn your souls,’ said the man at the rudder, ‘put out your oars and row for all you’re worth. Look what’s in on the rock!’ So I glanced round, anyway, and from that day to this, I think it was the headless ghost I saw. Even so—we shed some sweat before we landed at Portacloy beach. The man at the rudder said that he saw that he was looking at it a while and that it was a man with no head. Be that as it may, it was a hard earned evening by the time we reached the shore. Ever since then I have never gone out fishing for salmon on a Saturday night.

Baling Water

Rathlin Island (Antrim), Map No.: 5 (notes p. 67)

I-0005/MF(E)

Donal McCurdy

IT was an uncle of mine was coming from Ballycastle, and this is true, as these here will tell you, and this sea beast with two great staring eyes put its head up at the stern and looked at them. My uncle was at the helm and it reached forward and caught a hold of the helm. Someone started to bale water out of the boat and it disappeared. But off Killinney it reappeared again, but didn't attempt to take hold of the helm. It was man-eating whatever it was.



Fig. 4: Curraghs put to sea. Inis Meáin/Inishmaan, Co. Galway.
(Photographer: Tomás Ó Muirchertaig, c. 1940).

In 1991, James T. Quain of The Ardmore Journal published a selection of stories telling of various appearances of ghost vessels in the area of the Ardmore Head between 1900–1936. The stories were recorded from local fishermen and coastal dwellers who saw them. In the section that follows, we include three such accounts by different persons telling of a vision of the same phantom boat.



Fig. 5: Ardmore Head, Co. Waterford.

Paddy Downey's Phantom Boat

Ardmore (Waterford), Map No.: 6 (notes p. 67)

I-0006/MM(E)

THERE were two curragh-men in the boat with me—Tom Harty and Johnny Brien. We were out at Faill na Dairí just beyond the Hotel. We had the nets fully out when we saw a small light off the point of the Head. I can only describe it as very weak —like a candle in a lantern. We thought 'twas the Muirchiú [fisheries patrol boat] so we left the nets out there and came ashore. Within a week the Nellie Fleming under relief captain Mike Duggan was lost, with all hands. She was a three-masted schooner—one of the last trading out of Youghal under sail. She left Lydney Gloucestershire in the Bristol Channel on Saturday 8th February 1936 with a cargo of coal and was expected in Youghal on or about the 12th Feb. A fierce southerly gale blew up and she was never seen again. Some years previously Tom Harty was out trawling one night. He saw a phantom boat coming down on top of them and then disappearing.

Mikie Lynch's Phantom Boat

Ardmore (Waterford), Map No.: 7 (notes p. 67)

I-0007/MM(E)

WE went out at about eight o'clock on a Sunday evening. It was a bright moonlit night and there wasn't a puff of wind. There were just two of us, Jack and myself on the oars. We stayed in close to the rocks to avoid being spotted from the Garda Barracks above. Our berth was at the Clais under the Well. We had the nets almost out when I looked up and saw a big boat coming down from the Head and making for us. There was a light on her and she was so big it was easy to see her outline. Thinking it was the Muirchiú fisheries patrol boat we threw out all the nets and made for the pier. I remember Paddy Flynn coming in soaked to the skin with his new blue suit destroyed by the salt water. That night Rooney said " 'twas a ghost boat and ye'll hear of something yet." Some days later a fierce storm blew in from the east and lasted four or five days. The nets were blown up on the strand in bundles and Martin Hurley's lobster box landed over in Power's bog. There wasn't a pole left on the pier, some of them ended up at Chapel Row near the old school. When Fleming's boat went down we decided it must have been a phantom boat and she appeared just before the Nellie Fleming was lost.

Jimmy Rooney's Phantom Boat

Ardmore (Waterford), Map No.: 8 (notes p. 68)

I-0008/MM(E)

IT was a Sunday night in the month of February, 1936. I remember we had our good clothes on. We rowed out to the Head to moor the nets and leave them out for the night. We dropped the anchor and paid off the nets⁵ going out N.N.E. towards the 'Miner'. We had about half the nets out when we saw this vessel, bearing down on us from the S.E. We thought it was the bailiff's launch coming out from Youghal. We began pulling in the nets as fast as we could and soon lost the vessel behind the Head. We waited inside at the little sea inlet of Gaibhlín na Rinne but there was no sign of the vessel coming around Ardmore Head. Jim Drohan known as Bob said it must have been a herring drifter. In those days a lot of English and Scottish herring drifters came to Ardmore and stayed on for days or even weeks. Occasionally they'd give a few bags of coal to the fishermen. This was the nearest point to the fishing grounds. During the months of February to May in the 1930s I often saw half a dozen of them in here. They'd do the herring fishing at night. By the time the War came they were gone completely and we only saw Dutch trawlers after that. Anyway, after waiting a while we decided to pay out the nets again. This time we saw the hull of a big ship and she seemed to be in close near Fail na Sleannaire. We thought we'd be run down by this big ship. We pulled in the nets again and then we put Paddy Flynn ashore. Paddy walked up along the cliff and we rowed around the Head. None of us saw anything, there was no ship there. Within a week the big storm came and Fleming's boat went down. That was the time the Ballycotton lifeboat rescued the men from the Daunt Rock lightship.

⁵ Jimmy Rooney uses both 'pay off the nets' and 'pay out the nets' in the meaning 'to release the nets'.



Fig. 6: Making a spiller, Oileáin Árann / Aran Islands, Co. Galway (c. 1901).

Crocs in the Quarry

Dublin (Dublin), Map No.: 9 (notes p. 68)

I-0009/UL(E)

Paddy Lynch

THEN there was one at the back of Marble Jars, that was a formidable looking quarry altogether, had a bridge on it. There was a woman I knew, and she's still alive, and one of her little boys was drowned in there a couple of years ago, three or four years ago. Craigy had a pumping engine on it, or built on the side of the bank and it used to take the water to the west and they'd bottle it [?] you know? And then, according to what I heard he shoved in hundreds upon hundreds of rainbow trout into it, to purify the water, you know? Of course that's filled in now. And the one on the Ballybogan Road, that's filled in too. And the one on Drumseen Lane, that's filled in. But the one on the Ballybogan Road, there was a gypsy, his wife and a couple of children who used to caravan around that, you know? Nice fella, nice fella. What the hell is this his name was? Ward! Nice fella. Well, where he was parked there was just a little bit of a bank, barbed wire, and there was a slope down to the water's edge and, eh, I was going out one morning, myself and another man and we missed him beside the bank and when we got up Cappagh Hill, well Moffitt's Hill we used to call it, it leads now up to Belmont's, [...] West, he was away up on the hill and we were stopped and we were chatting and talking to him. The other man says to him: "Was the Garda on you?" "Oh, no," says he, "no." "Did you shift it?" "Aye, got out, had a look at that place," he says. And we asked him why. "Well," he says, "I'm in the habit of going down," he says, "washing myself in the morning, you could wash yourself in the water, you could walk out the quarry to the water's edge. The next thing I knew I was washing myself down a couple of mornings back, says he, and I seen enough," says he, "I got a fright in the nerves." I says to him "what did you see?" "Oh," says he, "you know them lads," says he, "with the big jaw?," he says. "Fish?" "No, no," says he, "not a fish, no." "If it was a fish," he says, "I would have him." "'cause ... would clean a river out in no time." "Oh, you know them things," he says, "does be out in the foreign countries in the water, big jaws on them." "A crocodile, an alligator?" "That's it, a crocodile, I seen one about that length, fierce looking."

"Now people would think that was a yarn but it is possible it's the truth because I'll tell you why; that could have been a person now we all knew, an old farmer, could have made a place for a miniature croc that got too big, and that was down on that farm. Throw him into the quarry."

Éilis Ní Dhuibhne: Did people have miniature crocs?

Paddy Lynch: So I believe, you know? So I believe. People used to [...], well, not the likes of me, but, why would a man like me be interested in anything like that, you know? But that's it. He, he ran back down around our necks. Ah sure he wasn't.... "I'm telling you," said he one time, said he.





Fig. 7: Jack Kilduff, Lucan, Co. Dublin (Photographer: Séamas Mac Philib, May 1980).

Bá ag Ceathrú na gCloch
Drowning at Ceathrú na gCloch

Portacloy (Mayo), Map No.: 10 (notes p. 68)

I-0010/MF(G)

Seán Ó Neachtain

BHUEL, tá píosa, inseoidh mé píosa de scéal duit a d'éirigh atá thimpeall trí scór blianta ó shin ar an mbaile seo. Bhí na daoine ag dul amach ag iarraidh murlas ins an am sin agus bhí siad amuigh agus eangachaí caite acu, ach bhí an fear seo, an curach seo ag dul amach chun deiridh agus bhí fear ar an gcéibh, bhí sé ag marú bolgóg, Tomás a' Búrca; agus chonaic sé an curach seo ag dul amach ach níor aithnigh sé ach beirt den fhoireann.

Bhuel, dúirt sé go raibh beirt eile ann agus nach raibh a fhios aige cé iad féin ach dúirt sé, bhí, bhí fear as ... triúr as Ceathrú na gCloch ann agus (fear) ... beirt as Ceathrú na gCloch agus beirt as an gCorrán Buí a bhí ann. Bhí Mártan Ó Mionachán agus Andáí Chónaill agus bhí fear eile de na Gallchobhairigh agus Pádraig Ó Conólaigh as Ceathrú na gCloch. Bhí an ceathrar sa gcurach ach níor aithnigh sé Conólaigh nó Gallchobhair nuair a bhí sé ar bharr na céibhe agus ní raibh siad ach thimpeall scór slat anonn uaidhe. Agus bhí Albanach ann amuigh ag iascaireacht le páirtí de na Raghallaigh a bhí ar an mbaile seo agus dúirt sé i gcionn giota den oíche go raibh an fharraige ag méadú rud beag agus go bhfaca sé solas aisteach ar an tráigh agus iad bord... na heangachaí a bhordú agus go dtiocfadh siad abhaile nach bhfaca sé a leithéid in am ar bith ach *turn* eile bhí sé ag iascaireacht in Albain.

Bhuel, nuair a dúirt sé ... fuaidh siadsan ag gáirí faoi ach cé'r bith sin de lean siad air agus airíonn siad na curaigh ag dul suas agus bhí an fharraige ag éirí ramhar feadh an ama agus dúirt sé go raibh rud aisteach ar an tráigh anocht thar oíche ar bith dá bhfaca sé ariamh ach an oíche seo a bhí sé in Albain. Agus dúirt sé, “má dhéanann sibh mo chomhairle-sa,” a dúirt sé, “gabhfaidh muid abhaile ná beimid báite ná beidh duine eicint báite.” Níor thug siad aon aird air ach gur mhéadaigh na himchíoraithe an-mhór go deo agus ansin thosaigh siad ag bordú isteach na n-eangachaí agus bhí an tráigh, bhí sé in aon tonn amháin uilig agus nuair a tháinig siad chun na trághadh ansin bhí laindéir agus mná agus páistí ar an tráigh agus 'ach uile dhuine ag caoineadh agus bhí beirt fhear báite ar an tráigh: bhí Ó Conólaigh agus Gallchobhair báite ar an tráigh.

Bhuel, d'imigh siad ansin gur thóg siad aníos Mionachán ach ní bhfuair siad Cónaill ar chor ar bith agus cuireadh Cónaill amach ón gcurach agus chuaigh sé anonn an tráigh agus nuair a bhí sé thall ar an tráigh bhí an maide leis faoina ascaill agus *chreepeáil* sé aníos ná go dtáinig sé go dtí an tuirling ach níor lig sé an maide uaidhe ná go dtáinig sé isteach i dteach de na Raghallaigh ins an ... amuigh ar an mbaile agus nuair a chonaic an tseanbhean ... isteach ... ag tíocht isteach é bhí a fhios aici go raibh sé báite roimhe sin ... bhí a fhios aici go raibh sé báite, tá a fhios agat, agus bhí an gháir amuigh go raibh Ó Conólaigh báite ar an tráigh agus bhí an maide rámha leis isteach chun a' tí. Níor lig sé amach greim an duine a báitheadh, tá fhios agat, greim an duine bháite. Agus, “ar tú atá ann,” ar sise, “is mé,” ar seisean, “nár mhothaigh mé go raibh tú báite?” “Bheul, níor báitheadh go fóill mé,” a dúirt sé, “ach fuaidh sé gar go maith dom.”

Mhéadaigh an tráigh agus bhí imchíoraithe [?] móra fada ann agus bhí sé ag glanadh amach go dtí barr na céibhe an fharraige agus isteach arís agus an méid éisc a bhí tógtha ar

an tráigh bhí sé glanta ar siúl ar maidin agus tháinig an lán mara aníos go dtí an seanstation. Tá aithne agat ar an seanstation?

Leo Corduff: Tá aithne mhaith agam... tá sé thíos ar an talamh glas...

Seán Ó Neachtain: Há... agus bhí píosaí adhmaid agus iad curtha aníos faoi bhaile agus mhéadaigh an ghaoth mhór agus bhí an bheirt seandaoine, seanfhear eile anall as Albain ann, agus bhí laindéar mór fada aige agus bhuail sé síos agus shíl sé go ndéanfadh sé maith éicint le Gallchobhair a bhí cineál géar [? ag éag], ach fuair Gallchobhair bás agus ba shin í an Aoine an oíche ba mhó a scanraigh na Raghallaigh riamh nuair a tháinig siad chun na trághadh agus bhí an tonn mhór agus bhí an Albanach... na fir seo a fheiceáil ach bhí sé a ráit go mba í... go gcaithfidh sé [? floodáil], gur tugadh as na daoine sin, go raibh sin tugtha as agus go bhfaca sé go leor daoine in Albain nuair a bhí sé thall báite ar an gcaoi céanna agus go bhfaca sé iad tugtha as ar an bhealach céanna.

Well, I have something ... I will tell you a story that happened about sixty years ago in this place. The people were going out looking for mackerel at that time and they were out with their nets cast, but this man was going out last in this curragh and there was a man on the quay catching young codfish, Tomás a'Búrca, and he saw this curragh going out but he only recognised two of the crew.

Well, he said that there were two others and that he didn't know who they were, but he said there was a man from ... there were three from Ceathrú na gCloch and a man ... two from Ceathrú na gCloch and two from An Corrán Buí were in it. They were Mártan Monaghan and Andy McDonnell, one of the Gallaghers and Pádraig Connolly from Ceathrú na gCloch, they were the four that were in the curragh. But he didn't recognize Connolly or Gallagher when he was at the top of the quay and they were only about twenty yards from him. And there was a Scotsman out fishing with one of the Reillys who lived in this village and he said in the middle of the night that the sea was rising a little bit and that he saw as strange a light on the shore as he had ever seen before, and to board, to board the nets so that they would go home and that he hadn't seen the likes of this ever except once when he was fishing in Scotland.

Well, when he said ... they all erupted in laughter about it ... but any way they returned home and they noticed the curraghs going by and the sea was becoming choppy all the time and he said that there was something strange on the shore that night, stranger than anything he had seen before apart from that night in Scotland. "If you take my advice," he said, "go home or we will be drowned or somebody will be drowned." They paid no attention to him and the rollers just became exceedingly huge and they started taking in the nets and the shore was one whole big wave and when they came to the shore there were lanterns and women and children on the shore and everyone was crying and there were two drowned men on the beach: Connolly and Gallagher were drowned on the shore.

Well, that passed and they lifted Monaghan but they didn't find McDonnell at all for he was thrown out of the curragh and was over the beach and there he was with the oar beneath his arm and he crept up until he came to the stony shore but he did not let go of the oar until he came into a house of the Reillys over in the village and when the old woman saw ... [came] in, as she came in she knew he had been drowned before that... she knew that he had drowned, you know, and the report was out that Connolly was on the beach drowned, and

[he had taken] the oar with him to the house. He did not let go – the grip of the person who has been drowned, he did not release the grip, you know, – the grip of the drowned person. And, “oh, it is you,” she said, “it is me,” he said, “did I not [just] hear that you were drowned?” “Well, I have not been drowned yet,” he said, “but it was close.”

The tide went out and the rollers were clearing the top of the pier and back again and the amount of fish that was swept up onto the beach that night were cleared away by morning and the high tide came up as far as the old coastguard-station. You know of the old coastguard-station?

Leo Corduff: *I know well about it, it is down on the grassy shore.*

Seán Ó Neachtain: *Aye... and there were pieces of wood thrown up on the land and the storm increased and there were two old men, there was another old man over from Scotland there and he had a big long lantern and he went down and he thought he could be of some help to Gallagher who was sort of close [? dying], but Gallagher died and that was the night which most scared the Reillys ever when they came to the beach, and the big wave was and the Scotsman, but he was saying that those people were spirited away...⁶ that they had been abducted and that he saw many people in Scotland when he was there drowned in the same way and that he saw them spirited away in like manner.*



⁶ go gcaithfidh se [floodáil] left untranslated.

Taibhsí ón Trá
Ghosts from the Beach

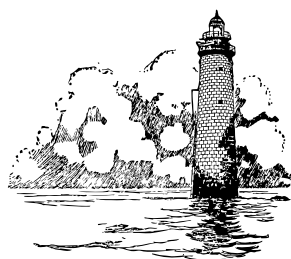
Portacloy (Mayo), Map No.: 11 (notes p. 69)

I-0011/LL(G)

Seán Ó Neachtain

Bhí mé féin, bhí mé thuas i New York ag obair (agus) *turn* agus bhí siad ag insint scéil dom faoi páirtí a báitheadh, ceathrar a báitheadh ann agus tháinig an ceathrar isteach chun an teach seo agus dúirt siad le muintir an tí: “Táimid báite agus tiocfaidh na ceithre coirp isteach ar an tráigh amárach,” a dúirt siad, “agus ná tógaidh na coirp sin agus ná leagadh éinne a’n lámh orthu agus cuirfear muidí ar ais.” Bhuel, bhí maith go leor ansin, bhí bascaod mór fataí ann ... (agus ar an ...) leagtha ar chathaoir agus d’uaidh siad a sá de na fataí: “Bhuel, má thógtar sinn oíche amárach,” a dúirt sé, “ní íosfaidh muid a’n dath eile de bhia saolta a choíche a dúirt sé ach bia na nDaoine Maithe.” Ba í an rud a dúirt siad leob. Bhuel, nuair a tháinig sé ... lá, lá tharna mhárach, ansin fuaidh siad síos chun na trághadh chuile dhuine ag cuartú na gcoirp agus tháinig siad aníos. Dúirt siad nach rathann tú ansin ach píosaí de shean-súgáin a bhí caite ar an tráigh. “Agus beidh muidí imithe go deo” ...

I myself was up in New York working on one occasion and I was told a story about someone that had drowned, about four people that had drowned and the four came into this house and they said to the people of the house: “We are drowned, but the four bodies will come ashore tomorrow,” they said, “and don’t lift those bodies or let nobody lay a hand on them and we will be put back.” Well, that was alright and there was a big basket of potatoes on a chair and they ate their fill of the potatoes. “Well, if we are taken tomorrow night,” he said, “we will never eat worldly food again but the food of the Good People.” That was what they said to them. Well, when the next morning came everyone went down to the shore looking for the bodies and they came back again. They said that you could not see anything down there, but pieces of old rope left on the beach. “And we will be gone forever.”



Na Daoine Maithe 7 Oileán Draíochta
The Good Folk and a Magical Island

Ballinakill (Galway), Map No.: 12 (notes p. 69)

I-0012/MM(G)

Pádraic Ó Clocharta

Bhí mé féin lá 7 is é an sórt rud a bhí mé a dhéanamh ag iarraidh feamainn dearg le bhaghaidh ceilpe. Agus ar charraig a bhíodh an fheamainn dearg an uair sin againn. Bhíodh siad ar phoill 7 bhíodh muid dhá tóigeáil ins na báid le rud a dtugann siad crúcaí móra orthab, gaifeannaí. Agus ansin bhíodh muid dhá tóigeáil chomh domhain scaití 7 go mbíodh deich dtroithe fichead as an ngaif againn ar na poill bhídís chomh domhain sin. Ach an lá seo ní raibh gaif ar bith againn. Bhí siad sa mbád againn ach ní raibh muid ag obair leob, agus bhí an fheamainn tirim ar an gcarraig, 7 bhí ceithre báid againn in éineacht, 7 fuilleach feamainn ag gach aon bhád de na ceithre báid. Agus na báid ligthe air againn le iad a luchtú isteach ar an trá leis an bhfeamainn le cléibh 7 muid lena dtarraingt as.

Ní raibh sé aon achar ann ón áit a raibh na báid ligthe ar thalamh againn 7 gan aon deoir uisce fúthu ach leacht déanta ar gach aon taobh di a choinneodh díreach í leis an bhfeamainn a chur inti. Agus cé bith caoi ar bhreathnaigh mé féin amach, chuala mé go minic roimhe sin daoine ag rá go bhfeiceadh daoine, gurbh é an t-ainm a bhíodh air Árainn Bheag. Chuala mé caint air go bhfaca daoine é, 7 ní raibh mé ag tabhairt aon ghéilleadh dó go bhfacadar é ann, nó go dtí an lá seo. Agus pér bith caoi a raibh mé féin air, dhírigh mé suas [7] chonaic mé uaim é siar idir áit a dtugann siad an tOileán Iarthach air. Is air atá Oileán an tSolais atá ar an gceann thiar d’Árainn. Is air atá an teach solais déanta ar an oileán céanna. Chonaic mé é sin, an baile mór—b’fhacthas dom—ba bhreáichte b’fhacthas dom a chonaic mé ariamh, 7 na fuinneogaí 7 na tithe a bhí le feiceáil.

Is éard a bhí againn bád nach raibh mór, tuairim agus dhá thonna go leith a bhí gach aon bhád acab. Ní raibh in gach aon bhád againn ach beirt. Bhí trí báid eile againn 7 an bád a bhí agamsa, agus ba mise a chonaic é i dtosach, 7 bhí muid ag coimhlint ag cruinniú na feamainne 7 ag déanamh carnán di i riocht agus go mbeadh sí againn le líonadh insa mbád, go mbeadh an bád luchtaithe againn roimh thaoile tuile 7 go mbeadh sí ag snámh aríst. Ach nuair a chonaic mé féin é seo sheas mé suas ag breathnú scaitheamh air. Agus d’fhuagair mé ar an muintir eile. Bhí muid gar dhá chéile insa chuile áit. D’fhuagair mé ar an muintir eile breathnú siar go bhfeicidís, go bhfeicfinn a[n] bhfeicidís é, mar bhí mé féin dhá fheiceáil. Agus sheas ’chuile fhear dhá raibh in éineacht liom. Bhí ochtar uileag againn a bhí ann, beirt in gach aon bhád de cheithre bhád. Agus ’chuile fhear sheas sé suas. Agus bhí muid ag breathnú ar an mbaile mór 7 ar na tithe breátha. Ní fhaca muid Gaillimh ná aon áit ná baile mór ar bith b’fhacthas dúinn ba bhreáichte ná é. I lár na farraige go díreach a bhí sé ag breathnú dúinn idir Oileán an tSolais Árainn 7 taobh Chonamara thiar.

Agus bhí muid ag breathnú i gcónaí i gcónaí air nó gur dhúirt muid linn féin go mba é an cás céanna dúinn é, go raibh sé chomh maith dúinn nó thiocthadh an taoile tuile orainn an fheamainn a bhí. Bheadh an t-am caite againn dá bhfanfadh muid i gcónaí. Agus ó thiocthadh an taoile uirthi ní fhéadfadh muid aon bhlas di a thabhairt linn as an áit a raibh sí mar dtugadh muid linn ar an trá é. Agus nuair a bhí muid tuirseach ag breathnú air b’fhacthas dúinn, bhí sé ann mar a bhí sé i gcónaí ó chonaic muid i dtosach é nó nár sheas muid ag breathnú air 7 chuile short. Agus nuair a bhí scaitheamh caite ansin againn 7

muid ag obair aríst, bhreathnaigh muid 7 ní fhaca aon duine againn é. Ní fhaca duine ar bith againn é ansin níos mó 7 ní raibh sé le feiceáil.

***There** was one day and the sort of thing that I was doing was seeking red seaweed for kelp. And it was on rocks that we would find red seaweed that time. It would be in holes and we would be lifting it into the boats with a thing that they call large hooks or gaffs. And we would by times be lifting thirty foot lengths from the holes with the gaff as they would be so deep. But this day we had no gaffs. They were in the boat with us, but we were not working with them. And the seaweed was dry on the rock, and we had four boats together and each of the four boats had more than enough of seaweed. And we had the boats set out to be filled by us on the beach with creels.*

It was not far from where we had the boats set up on land as they were without a drop of water under them, but had two flagstones on each side keeping them upright so as we could fill them, and whatever prompted me to look out. I had often heard people before that saying that people would see, and that it was called Little Aran. I had heard talk of it that people had seen it, but I had never believed it until that day. And whatever way I was, and when I straightened up [and] I saw it in the distance, to the west, between the place that they call the Western Island. It is called the Island of Light, the one on the western part of Aran. It is on the same island that the lighthouse is built. I saw it, the finest town I thought I had ever seen, the windows and the houses that were to be seen.

What we had was a boat that was not too big, approximately two and a half tons each boat was. There were only two in each boat. There were three other boats and the boat that I had. And it was I who saw it at first, and we were rushing to gather the seaweed and to put it in heaps in such a way as we would have it there to fill the boat so as we would have the boat loaded before the flooding tide would come and the boat would be afloat again. But when I saw this I stood up looking at it for a while. And I called out to the others. We were close together in each place. I called out to them to the others to look to the west so that they must see, that I could see should they see it, because I was able to see it. And each man that was with me stood up. There were eight of us in all, two in each of four boats. And each man, he stood up. And we were looking at the town and at the fine houses. We had not seen anywhere that seemed finer to us neither Galway, nor any place, nor any town. It was just in the middle of the sea, and when we were looking between the Island of Light, Aran and western side of Connemara.

And we were looking again and again at it until we said to ourselves that it was the same story for each of us, that it was as well for us [to get a move on] or the incoming tide would come [and take away] the seaweed which was [gathered]. The chance would have gone if we were to stay on. And if the tide had come, we would not have been able to take any of the seaweed from the place it was, unless we took it to the beach. And when we were tired looking at it, we noticed, it was there as it had been since we saw it at first or when we had stood up to look at it and everything. And when we had spent a while there working again, we looked and not one of us could see it. None of us could see it any longer and it was not to be seen.



Fig. 8: National Folklore Collection card catalogue at UCD.

Cill Stúithín
Kilstiffin Island

Curraghatoosane (Kerry), Map No.: 13 (notes p. 69)

I-0013/LL(E)

Seán Ó Cearmuda

THERE is a bank [an island [Cíllsrúithín] under water]⁷ outside Ballybunnion by the name of Keelstuheen and several see it and there was a Dalton woman in Faha, she living in a big farm there and her oats used be ate at night and corn and she thought it was the neighbour's horse that was eating⁸ it and she kept the boy up to watch them⁹ and the horses were there and he ran and, a mare and foal, and he thought to pelt them⁹ and he struck the foal with a underwater lump of earth and the foal stood and the mare went and got down to the cliff¹⁰ and went to Keelstuheen¹¹. Her generations were there now up to sixty year ago, I remember the latter end of them⁹. Buyers came there and they were the best horses that could be got. The mare went¹² and she was there. Well, up to the day that that mare died while she was down grazing along it the rest of the horses over the cliff¹⁰ she'd begin to neigh and be looking out at the island abroad. She'd begin to neigh, I suppose she used see them⁹. The ships used to be coming in that time. There was no pilot boats that time but everyone¹³ to have the first to the ship of the men that used be piloting.¹⁴ And they used be up at night along the cliffs back to Rehy back to Killbaha watching them⁹ until they'd be coming in and as soon as they see this fine ship this fine night coming with all white sail, a four-masted ship, they all raced for her as fast as they could and when they were facing her, the first man to face her to get a rope, he was the first man to have her. Just over the island down she went¹²—it disappeared. She was a four-masted heavy sailing-ship, all white sails and all, and down she went¹² and they got all surprised¹⁵ and they said often that they used hear the cocks crowing in the island.

They did, several see it. There did an aunt of mine see it, a woman¹⁶ of the Carmody's and she picking *óilíof*¹⁷ off o' the cliff¹⁰ and she called them⁹ all to look out and all the people abroad in the island and it is known it is there. Well, then there did [something happen to her] and she didn't live long, she was an able woman, she got a bad fever¹⁸ and died of it. I did [know] a man that was minding cows on the cliff¹⁰, along the back and he see all the people working away—cows and horses and everything. That's the reason it is called the Isle of Man. After that man it is called and as soon as he stood there and he wasn't long there and he walked away and he looked again¹⁹ and he didn't see it. "By Gorr," he came back to where he was standing and he used see it as soon as he stand in this spot. So he went¹² away again¹⁹ and he came several times and he stuck a *kippin*²⁰ where he was standing to mark²¹ it and he told²² them⁹ you come and everyone come, and anyone that [d]id stand [d]id see it, so they dug the sod and they put it in to the boat and the men rowed him off and he stood on the sod and steered the boat and landed on the island and

⁷ In a footnote the NFC transcriber substituted the words 'an island' for 'a bank' and added the words 'under water'. ⁸ 'atin' in the original NFC manuscript. ⁹ 'um' in the original NFC manuscript. ¹⁰ 'Clift' in the original manuscript. ¹¹ 'Keelstuheen' inserted by NFC transcriber; 'Cíllstuheen' and 'Keeltuheen' deleted. ¹² 'Wint' in the original manuscript. ¹³ 'everywan' in the original manuscript. ¹⁴ '[d]id have the ship' *superscript*. ¹⁵ 'All surprised' inserted by NFC transcriber; 'afreight fright' deleted. ¹⁶ 'One' deleted by NFC transcriber; 'a woman' inserted. ¹⁷ *duileasc*. ¹⁸ 'Faver' in the original. ¹⁹ 'Agin' in the original. ²⁰ From Mod. Irish *cipín* 'little stick'. ²¹ Changed by NFC transcriber from 'make'. ²² 'Tolt' in the original.

the enchantment left²³ it and that is the Isle of Man now. So that is the reason it is called the Isle of Man, that man discovered it. Oh, I heard it all, it is a positive fact. That's why it is called the Isle of Man, you know. He did and when he missed it he couldn't get the spot again. Yes, he was a man of the Lynches long [a]go. He see Keelstuheen opened up, and he was looking and he was surprised and he see them' all, horses and everything and as soon as he did he went away and when he went away after the cows then when he came back he didn't know where he was standing; could never find it and if he may mark it he had it. Will you come any other day?²⁴



Fig. 9: An Coireán, Spuncán, Co. Kerry. (Photographer: Caoimhín Ó Danachair, 1948).

²³ 'Enchantment left' changed from 'claimed' by NFC transcriber. ²⁴ 'aside when he was lived' (added by NFC transcriber in a footnote).

~~128~~ 245

St Martin's Night

On St. Martin's ~~night~~^{day} any of
the Wexford fishermen will
never go fishing.

Long ago on St. Martin's Night
a lot of fishermen were
drowned at a place called
Ballygeery near Rosslane
Pier.

When they were about to
go out a strange man
in a hat came up to them
and warned them not
to go out but they took
no notice of the warning.

When they got out a few
miles a terrible storm
arose and they were
all lost.

That was a terrible storm
that's the night the City

Fig. 10: St. Martin's Night:
National Folklore Main Collection MS No. 107, p. 245

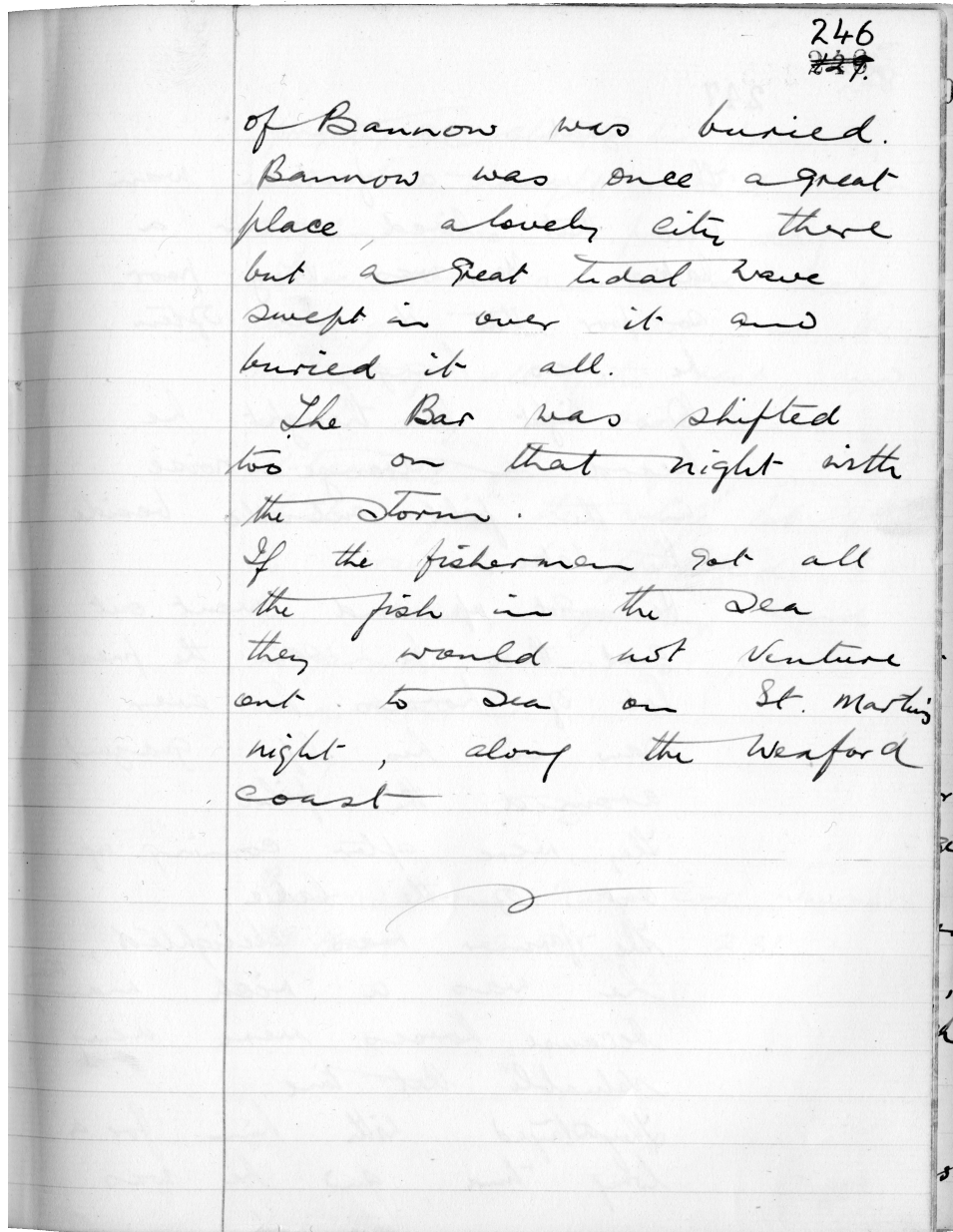


Fig. 11: St. Martin's Night:
National Folklore Main Collection MS No. 107, p. 246

St Martin's Night / Bannow

Duncormick (Wexford), Map No.: 14 (notes p. 70)

I-0014/LL(E)

Mary Cox

(1) St Martin's Night

ON St Martin's Day²⁵ any of the Wexford fishermen will never go fishing. Long ago on St. Martin's Night a lot of fishermen were drowned at a place called Ballygerry near Rosslare Pier. When they were about to go out a strange man on a horse came up to them and warned them not to go out but they took no notice of the warning. When they got out a few miles a terrible storm arose and they were all lost.

(2) That was a terrible storm

THAT's the night the City of Bannow was buried. Bannow was once a great place, a lovely city there but a great tidal wave swept in over it and buried it all. The bar was shifted too on that night with the storm. If the fishermen got all the fish in the sea they would not venture out to sea on St Martin's Night, along the Wexford coast.



²⁵ 'Night' deleted in the original manuscript; amended to 'Day' by IFC staff.

Pat John Eoghain’s Sea-horse

Teelin (Donegal), Map No.: 15 (notes p. 70)

I-0015/LL(G)

Micheál Ó hIghne

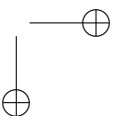
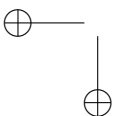
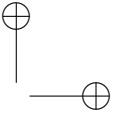
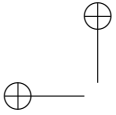
BHí sean-iascaire as Teileann thiar fad ó shin in áit a dtugann siad Gobán an Uisce air, Bag dulaidheacht ar bhradáin—i gcúl Shliabh a’ Liag thiar. Thug siad dul lá amháin ar iasc, agus nuair a bhí an eangach casnaithe isteach acu, cad é a bhí istigh insan eangaigh ach each uisce. Tugadh isteach insa bhád é, agus bhí cuid den fhoireann nach raibh fhios acu cad é an cineál beathaigh é, ach bhí seandúine sa bhád a raibh fhios aige go maith cad é an sórt a bhí ann, fear a dtugadh siad Pat John Eoghain air. Ní ligfeadh Pat dóibh á chur i bhfarraige. Bhí fhios aige go maith gur each uisce a bhí ann agus nach ndéanfadh sé dochar ar bith daofa.

Nuair a bhí siad ag teacht abhaile cheangail seisean an t-each uisce i ndiaidh an bháid, agus tharraing siad ina ndiaidh é go dtug siad isteach anseo go Teileann é. I ndiaidh á tabhairt chun an chladaigh ní raibh fhios aige cad é a dhéanfadh sé léi, ach thug an fhoireann air a leigean ar ais ’na farraige. Rinne sé sin agus ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu ní fhaca siad aon amharc uirthi cé bith áit a dteachaidh sí. Bhí siad ag rá go raibh craiceann uirthi comh sleamhain le heascann agus a craiceann lán de stríocacha a raibh mórán dathanna iontu. Chonaic go leor an t-each uisce sin nach bhfaca aon cheann ariamh roimhe sin nó ó shin.

Long ago an old fisherman from Teelin in a place named Gobán an Uisce was salmon fishing—behind Slieve League. They took one day to go fishing and when they put the net out what was in the net but a sea-horse. It was taken into the boat, and a lot of the crew didn’t know what kind of a creature it was but there was an old person on the boat that knew what it was, a man named Pat John Eoghain. Pat would not allow them to put it back into the sea. He knew that it was a sea-horse and that it wouldn’t cause them any harm.

When they were going home he attached the sea-horse to the boat and they pulled it after them until they reached Teelin. After they got to the shore he didn’t know what to do with it, but the crew asked him to let it back into the sea. He did that and since that day, up until the present, they didn’t see her again wherever she went. They were saying how her skin was as slippery as an eel and her skin was covered in stripes of many colours. Many saw that sea-horse, yet its like has neither been seen before nor since then.





Stories from Scotland



Map 2: Stories from Scotland

Black Symbols: Stories in English

White Symbols: Stories in Scottish Gaelic

Bàthadh na Dubhsgeir
The Drowning at Black Rock

Glenelg (Highlands), Map No.: 1 (notes p. 71)

S-0001/LL(G)

Rev. Norman MacDonald

THA cuimhne air bàthadh na Dubhsgeir gos a’ là ’n diugh, ach nuair a bha mi beag, bha ’m barrachd cuimhne aig na daoine a bha nuair sin a’ cromadh ris a’ cheithir fichead air a’ bhàthadh mhòr a bh’ ann.

Dh’fhalbh làn bàta de mhuinntir Bràigh ’n Tu Sear gu ruige Port Rìgh uair, air ceann-gnothaich. Bha ’ad ceart gu leòr a’ falbh. Bha solas a’ là aca, ach a’ tilleadh dhachaigh, rug an t-anmoch orra, agus man deach ’ad ro fhad air adhart, dhorchaich an oidhche. Bha luchd mòr anns a’ bhàta agus, bha feadhainn diubh airson gun d’rachadh ’ad air tìr ann an àiteigin, agus gun aotromaicheadh sin a’ luchd. Co-dhiù, nuair a ràinig ’ad Ruig, chaidh na h-uiread air tìr ann a sin, agus, tha collach,¹ fear dhen an fheadhainn a chaidh air tìr gun a dh’atharraich e inntinn agus, an dèidh dha càch a leantainn airson crioman astair suas bhon a’ mhuir, thill e air ais ’na dheann chun a’ bhàta mas falbhadh i, ’s bha ’ad a’ ràitinn gu robh e cur teine as na clachan, cho luath ’s a bha e.

Co-dhiù, rug e air a’ bhàta, ’s chùim ’ad orra, agus bha ’d ceart gu leòr a’ dol air aghaidh ann an dorchadas na-oidhcheadh gus an d’ ràinig ’ad cùl Rubha nam Bràithrean—’s e àite th’ ann a siod a tha anabarrach cunnartach le sgeirean. Tha aon sgeir gu sònraicht’ ann ris an can ’ad an Duibhsgeir—sgeir ghrànnda dhubh, dìreadh a-mach gu cas as a’ mhuir. Agus chaidh am bàta air a’ sgeir ’s chuir i car dhi, agus bhàthadh a’ chuile duine a bha innte.

Bh’ e ri ràitinn gu robh coin an àite a’ caoineadh fad bliadhna, no còrr is bliadhna man do thachair a’ rud. Agus bha ’ad riamh a’ cur beachd air nuair a bhiodh coin a’ caoineadh, gur e manadh bha ann. Tha ’d a’ ràitinn gu bheil taibhs aig na coin agus aig na h-eich—gu bheil ’ad comasach air gnothaichean a bhoineas don an t-saoghal eile fhaicinn. Agus bha coin Bràigh ’n Tu Sear a’ caoineadh fad còrr is bliadhna mar nach robh ’ad idir, idir, idir aig àm sam bith eile roimhe na às a dhèidh!

Co-dhiù, cha d’fhuaradh am bàta idir, agus dh’fhalbh am bàta agus na cuirp leis an t-sruth, agus tha mi a’ tuigsinn gun d’fhuaradh i ma dheireadh thall air cladach Gheàrrloch air a beul foidhpe.

Agus bha aon duine na broinn agus greim-bàis aige air an tobhta. Bha boireannach às an àite againn a chunnaic aislig² anabarrach iongantach timcheall air a’ bhàthadh—chaidh i fhèin a mac. Thàinig e g’a h-ionnsaigh ann an aislig² na h-oidhcheadh, agus thuirt e rithe mar seo: ‘Mhàthair,’ ars esan, ‘Saoilidh siu iongantach gun deachaidh mise bhàthadh, duine bha cho math rium air snàmh. Nuair a chaidh car dhen a’ bhàta,’ ars esan, ‘chaidh mise sios go ruig an grùnd, agus chaidh mo cheann a sàs,’ ars esan, ‘ann a stamhan fada. Cha b’ urrainn mi mo cheann a thoirt asta, agus ’s e sin a chùim shìos mi,’ ars esan, ‘agus a bhàth mi. Mara biodh sin,’ ars esan, ‘dh’fhaodainn an gnothach a bhith air a dhèanu air faighinn go tìr.’

¹ Normally *coltach* ‘likely, probably’; here reflects pronunciation. ² Normally *aisling* ‘dream’; here reflects pronunciation.

Bha boireannach eile ann a chaill a cuid mac, chan eil cuimhn' ama-sa nach do chaill i barrachd air aona mac. Ach thàinig fear de na chaill i, co-dhiù, ga h-ionnsaigh ann an cadal na h-oidhcheadh, agus thuit e rithe, 'Mhàthair,' ars esan, 'tha' n corp ama-sa agus corp fheadhainn eile de na chailleadh ann an Eilean na Cìcheadh. Thàinig sinn air tìr ann a sin.' Agus an còrr cha tubhairt e mar mhìneachadh na mar fhoillseachadh air càite robh Eilean na Cìcheadh. Co-dhiù, nuair a dhùisg a mhàthair, chùim i 'n aislig²—bha i cho ùr dhi—'na cuimhne, agus bha i feòrach dhen a' chuile duine bh' air falbh aig iasgach 's aig a-as an dùthaich, robh fios aca cà robh Eilean na Cìcheadh. Cha chuala duine riamh guth mu Eilean na Cìcheadh, agus bha tim a' dol seachad 's bha i mu dheireadh a' smaoinachadh nach robh ann ach dìreach bruadar, aig nach robh mòran ciall, agus cò thigeadh a' rathad ach treud cheàrdairean a' latha bha seo. Agus thàinig 'ad a-staigh. Agus, 's ann a smaoinich i gu, gu faighneachdadh i dhe na ceàrdairean an cuala 'ad iomradh riamh air a leithid a dh'àite. Dh'fhaighneachd i dhiùbh. O bha à-san eòlach gu leòr air Eilean na Cìcheadh, agus thuit 'ad rithe gu robh cheart eilean mach thar còrsa Siorramachd Rois. Agus chaidh rannsachadh a dhèanu, agus fhuaradh na cuirp ann an Eilean na Cìcheadh. Nise, bha cuimhne fada, fada air bàthadh na Duibhsgeir anns a—air a Tu Sear, anns a' chuid dheth dam boinninn-sa.

The drowning at Black Rock is remembered to this day, but when I was small people who were approaching their eighties at that time remembered more about that great drowning. A full boatload of people from the Braes of Trotternish left for Portree on business. They were quite all right leaving. It was daylight, but coming back home they were overtaken by the dark, and before they got much further the night got darker. There was a heavy load in the boat and some of them wanted to go ashore in someplace, to lighten the load. Anyway, when they reached Ruig, so many went ashore there and, it seems, one of those who went ashore, he changed his mind and, having followed the others for some way up from the sea, he raced back to the boat before it left, and they said that he made sparks fly from the stones in his haste.

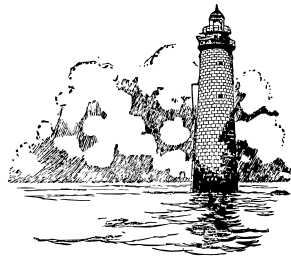
Anyway, he caught the boat and they kept on, and they were all right going on in the darkness of night until they reached the back of Brothers' Point—that's a place that is very dangerous with rocks. There's one particular rock there called The Black Rock—an ugly black rock, coming steeply out of the sea. And the boat went on the rock and capsized and everybody in it was drowned.

It was said the dogs in the place were howling for a year, or more than a year, before this thing happened. And they always noted that when dogs howled that was an omen. They say that dogs have visions, and so do horses, that they are able to see things of the other world. And the dogs of Braes of Trotternish were howling for much more than a year in a way that they never, never, never were at any time before or since. Anyway, the boat wasn't found at all, and the boat and the bodies had gone with the current, and I understand it was eventually found on the Gairloch coast, upside down.

And there was one man in the boat, with a deathgrip on the thwart. There was a woman in our place who had a very peculiar dream about the drowning—she had herself lost her son. He came to her in a dream at night and he said this to her: 'Mother,' he said, 'you'll think it strange that I drowned, a man who was such a good swimmer. When the boat capsized,' he

said, ‘I went down to the bottom and my head was caught,’ he said, ‘in long tangle. I couldn’t free my head and that’s what kept me under,’ he said, ‘and drowned me. ‘But for that,’ he said, ‘I could have managed to get to land.’

There was another woman who lost her sons, I don’t remember whether she lost more than one son. But one of the ones she lost, anyway, came to her in her sleep at night, and said to her, ‘Mother,’ he said, ‘my body and the bodies of others who were lost are in Eilean na Cìcheadh. We came ashore there.’ And more than that he didn’t say, neither detailing nor revealing where Eilean na Cìcheadh was. Anyway, when his mother woke she kept the dream—it was so fresh to her—in her memory and she was asking everybody who went fishing and in the district, if they knew where Eilean na Cìcheadh was. Nobody had ever heard anything of Eilean na Cìcheadh, and time was passing and she was eventually thinking it was just a dream without much sense, when who should come the way but a company of tinkers one day. And they came into the house. And, she thought she would ask the tinkers if they had ever heard word of such a place. She asked them. Oh, they knew Eilean na Cìcheadh well enough and they told her the very island was across on the coast of Ross-shire. And a search was made and the bodies were found on Eilean na Cìcheadh. Now, the drowning at Black Rock was long, long remembered in Trotternish, the part of it where I belong.



Soitheach bho a cùrs aig Eilean nan Uan

Boat off-course at Eilean nan Uan

Stornoway (Lewis), Map No.: 2 (notes p. 71)

S-0002/PN(G)

Tormond Calum Dòmhnallach

BHA a’ chùis a’ dol ceart gu leòr cho fad ’s a chitheadh sinne gus an robh sinn a’ tighinn a-nuas leitheach a’ Mhinch—’s ann a chuir mis’ co-dhiù càil a dh’umhail nach robh an t-soitheach a’ cumail a’ chùrs a b’ àbhaist dhomh bhith tighinn eadar an Caol agus Steòrnabhagh. Agus le sin an uair a sheallainn a-mach airson solais, bha mi faicinn gu robh solas na Mìleid a’ bearraigeadh oirnn air deireadh na soithich, an àite dhan t-soitheach a bhith tighinn gu Steòrnabhagh agus solas Steòrnabhaigh a bhith gar stiùireadh ann; ’s bha i dol mar sin a h-uile ceum, agus mar a bha i tighinn a-nuas ’s ann a’ dol na b’ fhaisge do fearann a’ Rubha bha i, far nach bu chòir dhi bhith dol idir; cho fada an Ear ri fearann a’ Rubha ’s gur ann gu eilean ris an can sinn, agus air a bheil sinn eòlach—Eilean nan Uan—’s ann a thàinig sinn. ’S nuair a chunnacas gu robh an t-soitheach cho fada ri sin bho a cùrs, thàinig e nuas ri fearann a’ Rubha, agus ro fhaisg a-staigh dhan fhearann sin, air dhòigh is nach robh i os cionn a’ chunnairt. Cha robh sinne fo rùm idir. Cha robh, agus cha robh guth againn air càil. Bha sin a’ minigeadh gu robh am bàta dol mar bu chòir dhi, agus cha robh guth againn air dè bha dol a thachairt dhuinn. Bha feadhainn ann a bha sinn a’ smaoinichadh a b’ fheàrr air an rathad a dhèanamh na dhèanadh sinne a-mach a’ tighinn chun na h-acarsaid.

Everything was going well as far as we could see until we were coming halfway up the Minch—it was then that I first noticed that the vessel was not sticking to the course that I usually went between Caol and Stornoway. And with that when I looked out for a light, I saw that the Miled light was upon us at the back of the vessel, instead of the boat coming into Stornoway and the Stornoway light guiding us in. And she was going like this all the way and as she was coming down she went closer to the fearann a’ Rubha [Point] itself, where she was not meant to go at all. As far to the east as the Point and an island that we call and know as Eilean nan Uan, is where we ended up. And when people saw that the vessel was so far off course, it came up close to the Point, and too close to that land, so that she was by no means out of danger. We had no room to manoeuvre and no idea at all what had happened. That meant that the boat had apparently been on the correct course, and we had no idea what was about to happen to us. There were others who we thought were better at navigating than the way we could do out there heading for the harbour.



Feadhainn a Chaidh a Chanada
The People that Went to Canada

Barra (Western Isles), Map No.: 3 (notes p. 71)

S-0003/OM(G)

Ealasaid Chaimbeul

SANN dìreach mun àm seo a thòisich iomradh air falbh a Chanada am measg an t-asluaigh. Bha othail mhòr air daoine gu falbh, oir cha robh teachd-an-tìr ach mu làimh aig an dearbh àm sin. Beòshlaint cha robh air thuar a bhith ann, a dh'aindeoin deòin-bhàidh na feadhainn sin a bha aig aois cosnaidh. Bha daoine sònraichte a' tighinn a bhrosnachadh an t-sluaigh gu gluasad air falbh gu Tìr an Dòchais thall thairis, far nach biodh dìth neo deireas air duine beo aon uair 's gu ruigeadh iad. Bha taighean àlainn gu bhith a' feitheamh orra agus, an àite nan sgrobagan chroitean a bh' aca am Barraigh, bha tuathanas gu bhith deiseil glan mu choinneamh gach athair teaghlaich. Bha mòran dhen chloinn a bha còmhla riumsa san sgoil a' dèanamh deiseil gu falbh a Chanada. 'S coma gu dé am farmad a bh' agamsa riutha sin, agus gun mi a' tuigsinn air an t-saoghal carson nach robh m' athair-sa a' dèanamh air falbh mar a bha càch. Bha bràthair m' athar a' falbh le theaghlach beag lag, agus bha mi san èisteachd nuair a bha m' athair ag earbsa ris: 'Air réir 's mar a bhios tusa a' faighinn air aghaidh, leigidh tu fios thugamsa a bheil an gnothach cho òr-bhuidhe 's a tha iad a' cumail a-mach, agus ma bhitheas, bidh sinne sinn fhìn a' togail oirnn.'

Latha dubh-bhrònach a bha san latha sin nuair a ghluais ar càirdean 's ar luchdeòlais suas a Bhàgh a' Chaisteil, a' fàgail an cead dheireannaich aig gach aon, agus leann-dubh air feadh gach ceàrn dhen eilean. 'S e am bàrd à Eilean Bhatarsaigh, Dòmhnall Iain Mhòir, a b' fheàrr a thug an dealbh sin seachad anns an òran Cumha Barrach, a rinn e ann an 1923. Tuigidh sinn ann cho fìor ghoirt 's a bha an sgaradh.

It was just about this time that talk about leaving for Canada spread among the community. People were in a great rush to leave, because there was not a lot of income at hand at that very time. There didn't appear to be any livelihood at all in spite of the strong connection those people of working age had to the place. Certain people came to encourage people to move away to the Land of Hope overseas, where nobody would want for or lack anything once they arrived. There were great houses to live in and instead of crofters' patches that they had in Barra, there was going to be farms prepared for every single person. Many of the children who were at school with me were getting ready to go to Canada. Never mind the jealousy that I felt towards them, I couldn't for the life of me understand why my own father was not heading off like everybody else was. My father's brother was leaving with a very young family, and I was present when he confided in his brother "Depending on how you're getting on, tell me if it is as good as they are letting on, and if it is, we will be leaving ourselves."

It was a deeply sad day the day that our friends and relatives travelled up to Castlebay, bidding everyone a final farewell, and leaving a deep sorrow in every part of the island. It was Dòmhnall Iain Mhòir, the bard of Vatersay who portrayed that scene best in the song 'Lament for Barra' which he composed in 1923. We understand in it how terribly painful the separation was.



Fig. 12: (l to r) Bobby Crieggie, Alec Welsh sr. and his son Alec Welsh, working at clearing the line. Gourdon, Aberdeenshire (Photographer: Ian MacKenzie, October 1985).

An Crodh-mhara

Sea-cattle

Grimsay (Western Isles), Map No.: 4 (notes p. 71)

S-0004/LL(G)

Peter Morrison

CHUALA mi uair is uair iad a’ bruidhinn man a’ chrodh-mhara agus bha na daoine bh’ aig an àm a bh’ ann a shen ga làn chreidsinn, nuair a bha mis’ òg ’s a bhiomaid gan èisteachd, agus ar cluasan cho fad ri cluasan aiseil airson nach cailleamaid facal. Bha iad a’ làn chreidsinn gu robh ’n crodh-mar’ ann. Saoilidh mi gu faic mi feadhainn aca nuair a bhiodh iad a’ bruidhinn nam measg fhèin, feadhainn a thigeadh a-staigh le ceist: “Saoil a-neist ciamar ... Dé cho fad ’s a bhiodh iad ... air tìr na gu dè ... luibh bha iad as a dheaghaidh agus bha ainm aca air a’ luibh agus tha i air a’ mhachaire fhathast ... gortan na rudeigin ... *Well*, a neist, a’ luibh a bha seo air a’ mhachaire, tha e collach³ gur h-e seo a’ luibh a bha ’n crodh-mara ’tighinn a dh’ionailt’ air. Agus dh’fheumadh a’ ghealach a bhith ann a suidheachadh àraid ... chor ’s gu robh i fhèin ’s a’ seol-mara air feadh na h-oidhche a’ freagairt air a chèile. Agus ’s ann aig suas go isle traghaid, muir-tràigh, ’s ann a bha ’n crodh-mara, ma b’ fhior, a’ tighinn go tìr. Bha buachaillean ri bhith nan cois agus bha iad ri bhith air tìr gos an tionndaidheadh a’ lìonadh. ’S nuair a thionndaidheadh a’ lìonadh, bha an uair sin, ge b’ e cò ’n ceannard a bh’ ann, na cò ’m buachaille bha muigh aig muir, bha e ’tighinn dlùth air cladach tìr agus ag èibheach:

Donnach, Tromach, Sgiathan, Liathan!
Thigeadh an crodh-laoigh
Co-dhiù thig na dh’fhan na buachaillean.

gus cha robh e ullamh leis a seo idir. B’ e seo an t-àm dhan an fheadhainn a bh’ ann a sgairte-falaich—mar a theireadh iad—air a’ mhachaire a’ feitheamh agus làn an cròigeadh do dh’ùir aca ’s nuair a bha iad a’ cluinnteil seo bha iad a’ tighinn a-nuas bho na botaichean a’ feitheamh air a’ ghlaodh a bha seo far na fairge agus nuair a bhiodh beothach a’ dol seachad orra, bha iad a’ caith làn an dùirn dhen ùir mun chliathaich na mun a’ cheann air a’ bheothach ’s bha ’m beothach sen a’ seasamh far a’ robh e. ’S dòch gu faigheadh iad a dhà na trì an oidhche sen agus gheibheadh iad a leithid eile rithist fhad ’s a bhiodh an ùine bh’ ann, uin araid, mar gum biodh, a’ ruith, a bhitheadh iad a’ tighinn go tìr—mar gum biodh sèusan—agus as a dheaghaidh sen sguireadh iad go na h-ath-bhliadhna a-rithist. Agus sen a’ rud às an tànaig a’ rann a bha siud:

Donnach, Tromach, Sgiathan, Liathan!
Thigeabh a chrodh-laoigh
Thigeadh na dh’fhan na buachaillean.

Nan tigeadh an crodh uileag, an àireamh a chaidh go tìr, bha ’n gnothach gu math, ach

³ Normally *colltach* ‘likely, probably’; here reflects pronunciation.

bhathar coma—b’ fhurasda buachaillean-fhaighinn ... Bha na seann daoine bh’ ann an uair ud, well, tha ... canaidh mi gu bheil còrr is trì fichead bliadhna bhuaithe seo, on a bha mise ’g èisteachd nan gnothaichean sen, agus faodaidh mi ràdha ... gu robh feadhainn aca ’creidsinn gu robh pàirt a dh’fhuil a’ chruidh-mhara air feadh nan dùthchannan againn chon a latha ’n diugh. Bha iad a’ creidsinn ... gu robh iad aithnichte ... agus ’s ann maol a bha iad ri bhith ... ’s ann maol a bha iad.

D.A. MacDonald: Robh aite sa’ bith sònraichte as an dùthaich far a robh iad a’ ràdha ’m biodh an crodh-mara seo a’ tighinn air tìr?

P. Morrison: Machaire ’n Taobh an Iar ... agaibh fhèin, bha e air a shònrachadh air a shon, agus machaire Bheinne Fadhlà.

I’ve heard them time and again talking about sea cattle, and the people in those days quite believed in them, when I was young and we would listen to them, and our ears as long as donkeys’ ears so as not to lose a word. They quite believed that sea cattle existed. I think I can see some of them speaking amongst themselves, someone would come in with a question: “Now how do you think ... How long ... would they have been ashore, or what plants were they after?”—and they had a name, for the plant and it’s on the machair still ... gortan or something ...

Well, now, this plant on the machair, apparently these were the plants that the sea cattle used to come and graze upon. And the moon had to be in a particular phase so that it and the tide worked together that night. And it was when the tide was almost out, full ebb, that was when the sea cattle came onto land, so they said. There would be herdsmen with them, and they would be ashore until the tide turned. And when the tide turned, then whoever was in charge, or whatever herdsmen there was out at sea, he would come in close to the shore and cry:

Donnach, Tromach, Sgiathan, Liathan!

Let the milch cows come

Whether the herdsmen come or stay.

And that wasn’t the end of it. That was the moment the people who were in a hide—as they called it—on the machair were waiting for, holding handfuls of earth, and when they heard this they would come down from the dunes [where they had been] waiting for this shout out at sea, and when one of the cattle passed them they would throw a handful of earth at the side or at the head of the animal, and that animal would stop in its tracks. They might well get two or three that night, and they could get as many more again as long as the period, as it were a set period, lasted, during which they came ashore—a season, as it were—and after that they were finished till the next year again. And that’s the origin of that rhyme:

Donnach, Tromach, Sgiathan, Liathan,

Come milch cows

Let the herdsmen come or stay.

If all the cattle came back, the number that had gone ashore, all was well, but they didn’t

care—it was easy to get herdsmen ... The old people at that time, well ... I'd say that's more than sixty years ago, since I heard about these matters, and I can say ... that some of them believed that there was some of the stock of the sea cattle in our part of the country till the present day ... They believed ... that you could recognise them ... and they were supposed to be hornless ... they were polled.

D.A. MacDonald: *Was there any special place hereabouts where they said the sea cattle used to come ashore?*

P. Morrison: *The machair on the West Side [of North Uist] ... over your way, it was noted for that, and the machair in Benbecula.*

Solais is Taibhsean *Ghostly Light*

Morvern (Argyll), Map No.: 5 (notes p. 72)

S-0005/MF(G)

Jessie Cameron

BHA m'athair ag radhainn, dìreach beagan man do chaochail e—b' àbhaist e—bha e ann an taigh beag, 's na Druimeanan an sin; nuair a bha e deas de bhith 'g obair an Cill Fhionntainn, fhuair e *cottage* beag, 's bha e fanachd an sin. Bha e an oidhche seo, bhiodh e daonnan dol a-mach dh'fhaicinn an saoghal—cha robh *wireless* ann 's na làithean sin—'s cha chluinneadh tu dè an seòrsa side bha dol a bhith ann a-màireach. Bhiodh e daonnan a' dol a-mach, m'athair, 's an oidhche. 'O, tha an t-uisge dol a bhith ann a-màireach'. 'Latha math a-màireach', 's mar sin. 'S an oidhche seo chaidh e mach—beagan man do chaochail e, mìos no sin man do chaochail e—chaidh e mach don dorast, 's thuirt e ri m' mhàthair, a-staigh. 'Thig a-mach a seo, a Sheasaidh'—cha bhruidhneadh i Ghàidhlig ach bhiodh esan a' bruidhinn rithe sa Ghàidhlig, ach fhreagradh ise sa Bheurla mar as bitheanta. 'What are you seeing now?' 'I see this. Thig a-mach a seo. Bheil thu faicinn an t-solais sin a-mach aig a' bhùidh?' 'Chan eil'. Oidhche fèatha breagha. Cha robh bàta air an t-saoghal a thigeadh taobh staigh a' bhùidh. Sin far a robh am bàta a' tighinn, an Lochinvar, leis na litrichean 's an stòras a bhiodh a' tighinn 's na làithean sin. An Lochinvar. Chaidh i fodha an àiteigin a-mach a-sin. Chitheadh sibh anns a' phàipear.

'Och! Ciamar nach fhaic thu sin? Tha e dìreach - coimhead air! Coimhead air! Tha e dìreach gu h-iseal fon taigh, a' tighinn a-staigh fon bhùidh. Nach eil thu faicinn sin?' 'Chan eil', thuirt ise, 'Chan eil solast a-sin'. 'Tha solast a-sin', thuirt e. 'Nach eil thu ga fhaicinn?' 'Chan eil'. 'Cuir do chois air muin mo chois'. 'Cha chuir mi mo chois air do chois', thuirt mo mhàthair ris. 'Well, chan fhaic thu e mur cuir. Sin agad e staigh air a' cheidhe'—ceidhe beag, far a robh 'm bàta beag a' tighinn a-staigh. Chaidh e às an sin.

Mìos an-dèidh sin thàinig an corp aig fhèin air tìr an sin. Chitheadh esan—chitheadh e rudan mar sin, m' athair. Chunnaic e sin.

John MacInnes: Dè chanadh iad ri duine aig a robh a leithid sin, a chluinneadh 's a chitheadh rudan?

Jessie Cameron: Well, cha chreid mise nach e gisreagan a theireadh a' chuid as motha dhiu ris. Gisreagan.

JMcI: Agus an canadh iad gu robh sealladh aig duine no ...

JC: O ...

JMcI: Dè bha sin a-nis? Dè bha's an t-sealladh?

JC: Well, chitheadh iad rudan agus—feadhainn a chitheadh iad muinntir tiodhlaic-eadh no rudeigin mar sin.

D.A. MacDonald: Bha daoine ann an chunnaic tiodhlaiceadh, mar gum bitheadh?

JC: Bha feadhainn ann a chluinneadh sin, agus bha feadhainn ann—chuala mi e, ach chan fhaca mi iad riamh—ach chuala mi iad ag radhainn gu robh feadhainn ann a theireadh, 'Thig, thig, thig a-staigh às an rathad. Thig a-staigh às an rathad gus a faigh sin seachad'.

My father said, just a while before he died—he used to be—he was in a wee house in Drimnan there; after he had finished working in Killundine he got this wee cottage, and he was living there. This night he was—he always went outside to view the world; there was no wireless in those days and you didn't hear what tomorrow's weather was going to be like. He always went outside, my father, at night. 'Oh, it's going to rain tomorrow'. 'A good day tomorrow', and things like that. And this night he went outside—a while before he died, a month or so before he died—he went out to the doorway and he said to my mother inside, 'Come out here, Jessie'—she didn't speak Gaelic, but he used to speak to her in Gaelic, but she would usually reply in English. 'What are you seeing now?' 'I see this. Come out here. Do you see that light out by the buoy?' 'No'. A lovely calm night. No boat in the world would come in inside of the buoy. That was where the boat came in, the Lochinvar, with letters and stores that came in those days. The Lochinvar. It sank somewhere out there. You would see it in the paper.

'Och! How do you not see that? It's just—look at it! Look at it! It's just down below the house, coming in from the buoy. Do you not see that?' 'No', she said, 'there's no light there'. 'There is a light there', he said. 'Do you not see it?' 'No'. 'Put your foot on top of my foot'. 'I will not put my foot on top of your foot', my mother told him. 'Well, you won't see it if you don't. There it is coming in by the pier'—a small pier where the small boat came in. It went out then.

A month after that his own body came ashore there. He could see—he could see things like that, my father. He saw that.

John MacInnes: What did they call someone who had that sort of thing, who could hear and see things?

Jessie Cameron: Well, I think most people called it gisreagan.⁴ Gisreagan.

JMcI: And would they say that a person had the sealladh⁵ or ...

JC: Oh ...

JMcI: What was that now? What was the sealladh?

JC: Well, they would see things and—some would see a funeral procession, or something like that.

D.A. MacDonald: There were people who saw funerals, as it were.

JC: There were people who could hear that, and there were people—I heard it, but I never saw them—but I heard them say that there were folk who would say, 'Come, come, come in out of the way. Come in out of the way until that gets by'.

⁴ 'Elsewhere giseagan, 'charms or spells' (editor's note, *Tocher* 57, 37). ⁵ Word used for 'second sight'.

Brig Exmouth

Port Ellen (Islay), Map No.: 6 (notes p. 72)

S-0006/LL(E)

Mrs Earl

WOULD you like me to tell you about the Brig *Exmouth* ... it was from Derry that she was supposed to have set sail and she foundered in that bay—it's nearer Braigo than Saligo—and it was said that if they hadn't panicked that they would all have been saved, but they jumped overboard. Now my mother's people lived in Saligo, and my mother's grandmother saw the bodies of these people that were drowned and she said beautiful Irish girls, and you know there were families as well, with children, and she told me about this little girl who was down on the shore with her mother and she found a doll, you see, and she took the doll home. And that night she [the mother] dreamt about this little girl that was crying and crying for her doll, so they took the doll back and buried it.



Fig. 13: Calum Iain Maclean (Calum Iain Mac Gilleathain, 1915–1960) recording Angus (Barrach) MacMillan (1874–1954), Griminish, Benbecula.

Stòiridh a’ Titanic

Story of the Titanic

Grimsay (Western Isles), Map No.: 7 (notes p. 72)

S-0007/MM(G)

Peter Morrison

STÒIRIDH bheag ghoirid mu dheidhinn iongnadh a ghabh mi a’ latha làinseadh a’ *Titanic*. Aig an àm a bh’ ann a shin, bha mi air tè bhàtaichean Ghlaschu—a’ *Redbreast* an t-ainm a bh’ oirre—tè bhàtaichean *Bhurns*, a’ ruith eadar Glaschu agus *Belfast*. Bha sinn a’ fàgail Ghlaschu feasgar suas mu leth-uair an dèidh a seachd is a’ tadhal air *Prince’s Pier* ’s a’ toir air bòrd rudan ann a shin; bhiodh iasg glè thric—bogsaichean èisg. Agus an dèidh tuilleadh dàlach a dhèanamh air *Prince’s Pier* an Guraig, bha sinn a’ falbh gu muir. Bhiomaid thall ann am *Belfast* a’ dol a-steach gun a’ chidhe, mu shoilleireachadh a’ latha.

A’ latha bha seo bha trilleach mòr ann aig a’ làinseadh ... na *Titanic*; am bàt’ iongantach a bh’ ann a’ seo. Chitheamaid bhuainn i ’s i mar gum biodh tùr mòr na caisteal.

’Suidheachadh air a robh sinne ’g obrachadh air a’ bhàta: nuair a bha sinn ’sa nighe sìos sa mhadainn, bha sinn an uair sin a’ gabhail biadh, sinn fhìn, ’s bha ’n còrr dhen lath’ againn gu ceithir uairean feasgar. Nuair bha e ceithir uairean ... Dh’fhaodamaid a dhol a chadal na dhol gu tìr. Nuair a bha ceithir uairean feasgar a’ tighinn bha sinn a’ tionndadh a dh’obair a-rithist a’ cur suas bùird—dealachadh—ann a’ stàilleachan, airson bha mòran de chrodh againn ga thoir a-nall a Ghlaschu à Eirinn. Agus bhiomaid ann a shin gus an tigeadh an crodh air bòrd; ’s bha againn rin ceangal—dual air choireigin do ròp a chur mu na h-adhaircean na mu na h-amhaichean ’s na srònan aca gus nach fhaigheadh iad a bhith ’sabaid ri chèile: feadhainn air a robh adhaircean ’s feadhainn nach robh.

Ach a’ latha seo—latha làinseadh na *Titanic*—cha deach duine a leabaidh na gu tìr. Bha sluagh a’ bhail’ uileag a’ tionndadh sìos gu bruaich na h-aibhneadh. B’ e sin an taobh air a robh sinne dhen abhainn cuideachd: ’s ann air an taobh mu ar coinneamh a bha ’n gàradh-iarainn far an deach ise thogail agus bha iadsan gu bhith [g]a *slide*-adh a-mach gu ’n tè bha gu bhith na màthair dhi—an cuan mòr. Bha iad cho tiugh ’s a thoilleadh iad mu choinneamh a’ ghàraidh ’s a’ bhàta, sìos taobh na h-aibhneadh. Bha sinne, chuile duine bh’ air bòrd, sìos ann a shiud cuideachd—feadhainn againn a dhà na trì siud ’s a dhà na trì ann an àit’ eile. Bhathar a’ feitheamh gun fhacal airson greis mhath do dh’ùine—cluinnear glagadaich taobh eile na h-aibhneadh agus a’ faicinn gluasadan sluaigh agus mòran do shluagh air gach taobh den gàradh a bharrachd air na bha ’staigh ann; gheibh duine sam bith a-staigh a dh’fhaicinn bàta ’ga cur dhan mhuir. Ma tha caraid agad ag obair a-staigh anns a’ ghàradh co-dhiù, fear-ciùird sam bith, gheibh e a-staigh a bhean ’s a theaghlach. Bha teaghlach còmhla riumsa a’ faicinn a’ làins ann an gàradh *Stephens*, ’s mi fhìn ag obair ann.

Agus chuala sinn seo ann am Beurla “There she goes! There she goes!” Bha i dìreach a’ chiad ghluasad aice, a’ dol chun na seirbheis airson do rinneadh i. Bha dà bhodach bheag Èireannach—fear aca cha mhòr nach robh e a’ suathadh ri mo ghualainn dheas. Bha a chompanach an taga ris-san air an taobh a deas dha. Pìob ghoirid chrèadh ann am beul gach duin’ aca is currac dà bhill orra. Chan eil cuimhne agam dè seòrsa clò a bha anns na seacaidean a bh’ orra, na gu dè bh’ anns na briogaisean.

Dh’fhalbh am bàta sin cho sèimh is cho breagha ri dad a b’ urrainn dhomhsa na dhan a’ sgiobadh againn fhaicinn. Chaidh i dhan mhuir. Chuir na cuideman stad, chuir iad stad oirre an uair a bha i air fiod. Ach thionndaidh am bodach beag a b’ fhaisge dhomhsa ri chompanach, is thug e a phìob às a bheul. Thuirt e mar seo: “*Mark my word, Pat*” ars’ esan “*She’ll be an unlucky ship.*” Agus bha i sin, an *Titanic*, agus b’ e siud a’ latha a chaidh a làinseadh. Bha sinne a’ bruidhinn ùineachan is ùineachan an uair a thill sinn ar ais dhan àit’ againn fhìn. B’ e siud an còmhraidh againn airson laitheachan: dè chunnaic am bodach, saoil gu robh sgialt aige, nan robh toiniseag aig a’ rud a thuirt e ri chompanach, “*Mark my word, Pat, she’ll be an unlucky ship.*” — ‘S ann mì-shealbhach a bha i.

A short little story about something that shocked me on the day of the launching of the Titanic. At the time I was on one of the Glasgow boats, it was called the Redbreast, one of the Burns boats running between Glasgow and Belfast. We were leaving Glasgow late in the evening at about half past seven and heading for Prince’s Pier to load things on there. It was very often fish—boxes of fish. And after more delay on Prince’s Pier in Gourock we were heading out to sea. We would be over in Belfast going into the pier around daybreak.

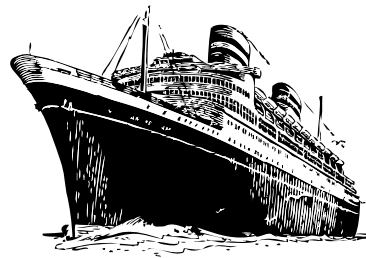
On this day there was a big commotion at the launch of the Titanic, which was an amazing boat. We would see it out there as if it were a large tower or castle. As to our own situation working on the boat, we washed her down in the morning, had some food then, and we had the rest of the day until four o’clock in the afternoon. When it was four o’clock we could go and sleep or go ashore. When four o’clock was approaching we returned to work again putting up fencing partitions for stalls, because we were taking a lot of cattle over to Glasgow from Ireland. And we would wait there until the cattle came on board, and we had to tie them—to put some type of rope link around the horns, or around the necks and noses so that they would not be able to fight with each other: those that had horns and those that hadn’t.

But this day—the day of the launching of the Titanic—nobody went ashore or to sleep. All the townspeople were heading down to the riverbank. That was the same side of the river as we were on as well, opposite us was the iron-works where she was built. And they were going to slide her out to what was her natural mother—the open sea. People were as densely packed as could be around the boat-yard and the boat down by the river bank. All of us on board, we were down there as well: two or three of us here and two or three of us there. Everyone waited for as a good while. We could hear a clanging on the other side of the river and could see a movement in the crowd, with many of them all around the yard as well as those who were inside it, anybody can get in to see a boat being launched. If you have a friend working in the yard however, a tradesman of any type, he can get his wife and his children in. I had my family with me watching the launch in Stephens’ yard while I was working there.

And we heard in English “There she goes! There she goes!” it was her first motion out to sea, going into service for those who had built her. There were two older Irishmen—one who was almost touching my right shoulder, his companion was right beside him on his right. Each of them had a short clay pipe in his mouth and a double-billed cap. I can’t remember what type of tweed was in the jackets they were wearing or what was in the trousers.

The boat then left as easily and as gracefully as anything the crew or myself could see. She went into the sea. The weights stopped her, they stopped her when she was afloat. But

the small chap who was nearest to me turned to his companion and took his pipe out of his mouth. He said: "Mark my word Pat," says he, "she'll be an unlucky ship." And that was the Titanic, and that was the day she was launched. We discussed it amongst ourselves over and over when we got back to the place. That was the topic of conversation for days: what had the old fellow seen, you would think that he had prior knowledge, if there was any sense in what he said to his friend, "Mark my word Pat, she'll be an unlucky ship." And unlucky she was.⁶



⁶ Donald Archie MacDonald also supplied a transcription of the story currently held at the School of Scottish Studies Archives, University of Edinburgh; the translation above was made by the project team.



Fig. 14: Nan MacKinnon and Jonathan MacLeod
(Photographer: James Ross, November 1958).

Each Mara Mhàiri Iain Mhìcheal
Màiri Iain Micheal's Sea-horse

Vatersay (Western Isles), Map No.: 8 (notes p. 73)

S-0008/MF(G)

Nan MacKinnon

James Ross: Agus an cuala sibh iomradh riamh aig daoine air an each mhara?

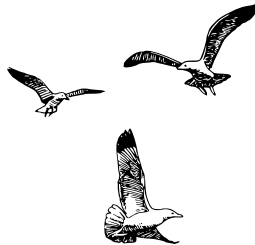
Nan MacKinnon:

CHUALA. Chunnaic mo sheanmhair an t-each mara, Màiri Iain Mhìcheal a chainte rithe. Bha i anns an tràigh a' buain langadal—'s e langadal a bhiodh iad a' cur ris a' bhuntàta ann am Miughalaigh—cha robh todhar ann, am bheil fios agaibh, bha an cladach cho fiadhaich, 's dh'fheumadh iad a bhith dol dha na eileanan a bhuaibh langadal nuair a thigeadh mathas na bliadhna. Agus co-dhiù, dh'fhalbh a' sgoth a dh'àiteachan eile, agus dh'fhàg i mo sheanmhair a' buain langadal le corran. Agus chuala i fuaimean a bha seo an taobh thall dhi, agus thog i a ceann, agus bha an t-each air leum a-mach air a' mhuir, dìreach an taobh thall dhi, agus bha i ag ràdh gur e 'n druim aige a chunnaic i, gur ann glas a bha e, agus gur e 'n druim aige a chunnaic i, agus gu robh carragan air a' druim aige mar a chitheadh sibh air na leacan—air leacan a' chladaich—agus leis an eagal a ghabh i cha mhòr nach tug i a' chorrach dhith fhèin leis a' chorrach. Agus bha iad ag ràdh gum faca muinntir Phabaigh an deoghaidh sin e.

James Ross: *Did you ever hear an account from anybody about the sea-horse?*

Nan MacKinnon:

I did. My grandmother saw the sea-horse, Màiri Iain Micheal they called her. She was on the shore collecting seaweed—it was seaweed that they used to put on the potatoes in Mingulay—there was no fertilizer there, you see, the shore was so wild, they used to have to go to the islands collecting seaweed when the yearly bounty of it came in. And anyway, the vessel went away to other places and left my grandmother collecting tangles with a sickle. And she then heard this noise on the other side, and she raised her head, and the horse was after jumping out of the sea, directly behind her, and she said that she saw its back and that it was grey; she saw its back—not that it was grey and there was carragheen on its back just as you would see on the rocks—on the rocks on the shore, and with the fright that she took she nearly cut her finger off with the sickle. And it was said that the people of Pabbay saw it after that.



Cunntais air a’ Mhaighdean Mhara
Stories about Mermaids

Vatersay (Western Isles), Map No.: 9 (notes p. 73)

S-0009/MM(G)

Vatersay (Western Isles), Map No.: 10 (notes p. 73)

S-0010/LL(G)

Jonathan MacLeod & Nan MacKinnon

James Ross: Bhithinn a’ cluinntinn daoine a’ bruidhinn air a’ mhaighdean mhara, Eòin. An cuala sibh naidheachd riamh mu dheidhinn?

Jonathan MacLeod:

CHUALA, agus tha mi a’ smaoinich’ gura h-i a chunna mi—a’ mhaighdean mhara. Nuair a bha mi nam bhalach bhitheamaid a’ dol a coimhead nan caorach aig àm breith nan uan agus bha mi fhìn ’s gille eile air cliathach Beinn Bhatarsaigh. Bha latha breagha ’s gun deò gaoithe ann, agus an grunn cho clior. Agus chunna sinn beathach, agus shaoil sinn an tòiseach gun e ròn a bh’ ann, ach nuair a thàinig e bàrr na fairge, dh’aithnich sinn air an *t-shape* aige nach e ròn a bh’ ann idir. Agus cha do thuig sinn gu dè rud a bh’ ann. Ach bha gualainn a’ seo aige, mar gum biodh boireannach no duine a bh’ ann, agus an còrr dhe na iasg, agus gruag air mar gum biodh air boireannach, na air fireannach air am biodh gruag fhada, agus thug sinn aon chairteal na h-uarach ga coimhead, agus chaidh e fodha an uair sin, agus chan fhaca sinne tuilleadh e.

JR: Dè a bha e a’ dèanamh fhad ’s a bha sibh a’ coimhead air?

JML: Cha robh e ach a’ snàmh—bha e a’ snàmh fon uisge ’s air uachdar an uisge. Ach tha seansa a-rithist gun fhaca boireannach e agus fireannach, a mhuinntir a’ bhaile a-rithist.

JR: Agus dè bhiodh iad a’ cantainn mun a’ mhaighdean mhara—an e comharradh na ...?

Nan MacKinnon:

SE droch—chuala mise co-dhiù gur e droch-comharra a bh’ ann a faicinn, agus chuala mi bodach a bh’ ann am Miughalaigh uaireigin dhen t-saoghal, ris an canadh iad Iain mac Ruairidh, agus tha ’n ùine cho fada bhuaidhe ’s gur e còta mòr a bhiodh orra a’ dol dhan chuan agus èileadh—èileadh clò. Ach co-dhiù dh’fhalbh iad latha a bha seo dhan a’ chuan ’s chunnaic Iain mac Ruairidh a bha seo, chunnaic e a’ mhaighdean mhara. Agus bha iad ag ràdh gun do dh’èibh i dha: “Iain ’ic Ruairidh, an fhaic thu mise?”

“A Leabhra, ma chi,” arsa’ Iain Mac Ruairidh, “ ’s droch bhàrr dèis’ thu.”

“An deach thu riamh” arsa ise, a’ mhaighdean mhara, “an deach thu riamh” arsa ise, “na leithid a chunnart reimhid?”

“Chaidh,” arsa esan, “nuair a bha mi eadar an eilid’ s an iomairt (?)”

“Latha mhic do mhàthar,” ors’ ise, “gun robh fuasgladh facail agad dhomhsa.”

Cha robh ach dh’fhàg iad na lìn is thug iad an taigh orra, ’s cha robh sgath ann ach dìreach gun tug iad a-mach a’ chreag leis a’ stoirm.

JR: ’S bhiodh iad ag ràdh cuideachd gur e comharradh droch-thìde a bh’ ann.

JMcL: ’S e, ’s e sin a bh’ ann. Cha robh cunntais riamh aca air a’ mhaighdean mhara fhaicinn, nuair a bha iad aig a’ mhuir. Bha iad daonann a’ dèanamh air tìr nuair a chìtheadh iad i.

James Ross: *I used to hear people talking about the mermaid, Eòin. Did you ever hear an account of her?*

JONATHAN MACLEOD: *Yes, and I think it was her that I saw—the mermaid. When I was a boy we used to go to watch the sheep at lambing time and I and another young boy were on the side of Ben Vatersay. It was a fine day and there wasn't a breath of wind and the seabed was so clear. And we saw a creature, and we thought at first that it was a seal but when it came to the surface of the sea, we realized from the shape of it that it wasn't a seal at all. And we couldn't understand what it was. But it had shoulders, as if it were a woman or a man, and the rest of it was like a fish, and it had hair like a woman's, or like a man with long hair and we spent all of a quarter of an hour watching it; and it went underwater then, and we saw no more of it.*

JR: *What was it doing when you were watching it?*

JMcL: *It was just swimming—it was swimming underwater and on the surface of the water. But there is a chance that a man and a woman saw her again, local people.*

JR: *And what did they used to say about the mermaid—was it a sign or ...?*

NAN MACKINNON:

It's a bad... I heard anyway that it's a bad sign to see her, and I heard of an old man one time in Mingulay, who they called Iain mac Ruairidh and it is such a long time ago that they used to go to sea with long coats and a kilt—a kilt of tweed. Anyway they set out to sea one day, and this same Iain mac Ruairidh saw a mermaid. And it was said that she called to him: "Iain Mac Ruairidh, do you see me?"

"I swear if I do," said Iain Mac Ruairidh, "that you are a bad sign (?)."

"Have you ever been," said she, the mermaid, "have you ever been," said she, "in such danger before?"

"Yes," he said, "When I was between danger and the hind (?)."

"A good day for your mother's son," she said, "that you could solve a riddle for me."

They just abandoned the nets and headed for home, and barely reached the cliff with the storm.

JR: *It used to be said as well that it was a sign of bad weather.*

JMcL: *That's it indeed. There was never an account of seeing a mermaid out at sea. They were always heading back to land when they would see her.*





Fig. 15: Preparing the catch for sale. Gourdon, Aberdeenshire
(Photographer: Ian MacKenzie, October 1985).

The next three stories presented in this section were collected by Donald Macdonald on Eriskay (Western Isles) in the 1930s. Subsequently, the manuscripts were presented to the Director of the Irish Folklore Commission, James Delargy.

Manadh an Sgadain
Premonition about Herring

Eriskay (Western Isles), Map No.: 11 (notes p. 73)

S-0011/MM(G)

Ronald Johnston

BLIADHNA a bha siud bha mi agus Dòmhnall Ruadh Mac Nèill, taibhsear na h-Acarsaid, anns an aon bhàta 's sinn ri iasgach a' sgadain ann an lochanan an Eilein Sgitheanach. Dè thàinig oirnn ach stoirm aon latha 's thàinig oirnn ruith le soirbheas làidir on deas a-staigh do bhàgh beag a tha air taobh a tuath Loch Bhràcadail. Dh'acraich sinne beagan a-mach on chladach ach chaidh bàta eile a dh'fheadhainn a thàinig a-staigh còmhla rinn a-staigh gu taobh a' chladaich agus laigh e an sin an cois na laimrig.

A-nis a' bhliadhna a bha seo rinn sinne agus a h-uile tè eile do bhàtaichen Èirisgeigh sàr iasgach ach cha do rinn an tè àraidh a bha seo a thàinig a-staigh còmhla rinn na phàigheadh a' chosgais. Agus bha na daoine bochda a bha innte gu math tùrsach ri linn seo.

Ach co-dhiù nuair a dh'ith mi fhèin 's Dhòmhnall Ruadh ar biadh dh'fhalbh sinn suas agus shuidh sinn gu h-àrd air a bord-uachdair. Las sinn ar pìoban 's thòisich sinn air bruidhinn a-null 's a-nall mu iasgach 's mu rudan eile. Cha b' fhada gus an tug mi fhèin an aire dha-san a' coimhead gu geur air a' bheinn a bha 's èirigh car suas os ar cionn, agus aig an aon am rinn e greim dlùth air làimh orm.

“Dè idir a tha ceàrr ort, a Dhòmhnall?” arsa mi fhèin. Cha tuirt Dòmhnall aon diog às a bheul 's nuair a chunnaic mise sin leig mi leis. Bha e an impis an dà shùil fhàgail ann an taobh na beinne. Choimheadadh e an toiseach air a fìor bharr 's chumadh e air a' coimhead mar sin a-nuas gus an ruigeadh e am bàta a bha fo a bonn. Ged nach robh mise a' leigeil sìon orm bha mi ag ràdh 'nam inntinn fhèin gun robh an duine air a dhol thar a chinn, ach mar a thuirt mi roimhe leig mi leis.

An ceann ùine mhòr thug Dòmhnall an crathadh ùr air fhèin agus thionndaidh e a shùilean an rathad a bha mise.

“Tha siud seachad,” arsa esan. “Chan fhiosrach mise dad a bhith seachad ach aon rud,” arsa mise, “agus 's e sin a' ghreis cuthaich a bha ort-sa an-dràst.”

Rinn e gàire agus sheall e orm. “A bheil thu faicinn a' bhàta ud thall an siud?” arsa esan.

“Tha,” arsa mise, “chan ann fad air falbh tha i.”

“Tha fios agad,” arsa esan, “nach do rinn am bàta do dh'iasgach am bliadhna na chumadh aon duine ann am biadh fad seachdain.”

“Tha,” arsa mise a-rithist.

“On là an-diugh a-mach matà,” arsa esan, “tha am bàta ud a' dol a dheanamh iasgach nach do rinneadh a leithid riamh cho math ann an lochanan an Eilein Sgitheanaich.”

"Nach bu tusa am fàidh," arsa mise, "ciamar a fhuair thu sin a-mach?"

"Innsidh mise sin dhut," ars' esan, "ma gheallas tu nach fosgail thu do bheul air nì de na chanas mi ri duine gu bràth."

"Tha mi ga ghealltainn sin," arsa mi fhèin's mi nis ar bhogadan feuch dè bha mi a' dol a chluinntinn.

"Bha mise," ars' esan, "matà a' coimhead air fìor mhullach na beinne sin mur coinn-eamh nuair a chunnaic mi baraillte sgadain a' nochdadh bhàrr a' bhinnean às àirde dhi agus thòisich e ri roladh a-nuas cliathach na beinne riamh gus an do ràinig e am bàta agus nuair a ràinig, a-staigh innte gun do ghabh e. Thàinig iad an uair sin nan sruth fear as dèidh fir gun stad gun sgur gus an robh mise a' smaointinn gun tàinig leis a' bheinn na lionadh an long mhòr a dh'fhalbh leis na h-eilthirich. Bha a h-uile baraillte mar a bha tighinn a' gabhail a-staigh na broinn ach chan aithnìheadh tu air a' bhàta gun deach cudthrom ite clacharain innte. Nuair a dh'fholaich am fear mu dheireadh a-staigh troimh cliathaich bha h-uile sìon mar a bha e roimhe 's chan fhaca mise an còrr."

"Agus tha thu a' deanamh a-mach bhuithe sin," arsa mise, "gu bheil am bàta sin a' dol a dheanamh deagh iasgach as a dhèidh seo, rud nach do rinn i am bliadhna fhathast."

"'S e sin a' seadh a tha mise a' toirt às na chunnaic mi co-dhiù," arsa Dòmhnall Ruadh, "agus faodaidh tusa chluas dheas a ghearradh dhiom ma tha mi breugach."

"Chan eil fios agam-sa," arsa mise, "ach mar a thuirt an duine dall, chì sinn."

Agus gun teagamh sam bith sinn a chunnaic. Cha robh aon oidhche as a dèidh seo nach robh am bàta ud làn sgadain agus rud a bu neònaiche uile ged a b' ann anns an lòn-shitig a chuireadh iad na lìn cha bhiodh iad oidhche sam bith falamh.

One year myself and Dòmhnall Ruadh Mac Nèill, the seer of Acarsaid, were on the same boat, going to fish for herring in the sea-lochs of the Isle of Skye. What came over us one day but a storm and we ended up being carried by a strong southerly breeze into a small bay which is north of Loch Bracadale. We anchored a little distance out from the shore but another boat of men who came in with us went to the edge of the shore and it lay there next to the landing point.

Now that year our boat and all the other Erriskay boats had great fishing, but this particular boat that came in with us did not make enough to pay its costs. And the poor men on her were very upset about this.

But anyway when Dòmhnall Ruadh and myself had eaten our food we left and we sat up high on the upper deck. We lit our pipes and we started to talk back and forth about fishing and other things. It wasn't long before I noticed him looking sharply at the mountain that was rising high above us, and at the same time he firmly grabbed my hand.

"What on earth is wrong with you, Dòmhnall?" I said. Dòmhnall didn't utter a word out of his mouth and when I saw this I let him be. His two eyes were fixed intently on the side of the mountain. He would look first to the very top of the mountain and he would keep looking like that, his gaze descending, until it would reach the boat which was at its base. Even though I wasn't saying anything I was saying in my own mind that the man had gone off his head, but as I said before, I let him be.

After a long while, Dòmhnall stirred again and he looked towards me.

"That's over," he said.

"I know of only one thing that is over," I said, "and that is the moment of madness that came over you there."

He laughed and he looked at me. "Do you see that boat over there?" said he.

"I do," I said, "It's not too far away."

"You know," said he, "that that boat did not do enough fishing this year to keep one person in food for a week."

"Yes," I said again.

"From today onwards however," he said "that boat is going to do fishing the likes of which has never been done before in the lochs of the Isle of Skye."

"Aren't you the prophet!" I said, "How did you find that out?"

"I will tell you this," he said, "if you promise that you will never open your mouth about anything I say to anyone else."

"I promise that," I said and now excited by what I was going to hear.

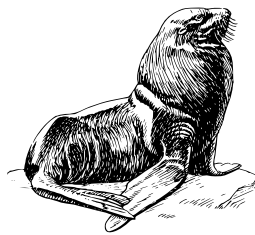
"I was," he said, "looking at the very top of that mountain there above us when I saw a barrel of herring coming out of the highest peak and it began to roll down the side of the mountain on and on until it reached the boat, and when it did it went straight in. They then started coming in a stream, one after the other without stopping until I thought that what came down the mountain could fill up a big boat that left with the emigrants. Every barrel that was coming was going into the boat, but you couldn't tell from looking at it that as much as the weight of a stonechat's feather had gone into her. When the last of them went into her through the side, everything was as it was before, and I saw no more."

"And you make out from that," I said, "that the boat is going to do great fishing from now on, something which she hasn't done yet this year."

"That is exactly what I am taking from all that I saw anyway," said Dòmhnall Ruadh, "and you can cut off my right ear if I am wrong."

"I don't know," I said, "but as the blind man said, we'll see."

And without a doubt we did. There was not one night after this that the boat was not full of herring. And strangest of all, though they were to set their nets out on the dung-meadow, that night they would still not be empty.



Am Faireachadh *The Inkling*

Eriskay (Western Isles), Map No.: 12 (notes p. 74)

S-0012/MM(G)

Archibald MacInnes

DH'FHALBH mi fhèin agus triùir eile a-null a dh'Uibhist air oidhche dh'orcha bho chionn suas ri dà fhichead bliadhna. Bha gnòthach againn do Pholl a' Charra agus bha e gu math anmoch mun d' fhuair sinn Taigh Òsta Pholl a' Charra fhàgail. Aig an àm sin cha robh aon teaghlach fhèin a' còmhnuidh air taobh a' Chaolais agus leis sin bha rathad gu math fada uaigneach againn ri coiseachd mun ruigeamaid an Lùdag far an d' fhàg sinn an sgoth.

Ach co-dhiù bha sinn a' dol ar n-aghaidh ceum air cheum ach cha robh sinn ach a' falbh gu math mall nuair bu luaithe a bhitheamaid. Mar a thuigeas a h-uile duine bha gloine no dhà a bharrachd aig barrachd is aon fhear againn. Bha sinn a' falbh mar sin a' cuideachadh a chèile gus an d' ràinig sinn àite ris an abrar Mol Dhòmhnall Iain Bharraich, ri taobh Loch a' Bhruga. Bha e anabarrach doirbh coiseachd luath a dhèanamh anns a' mhol ach fhuair sinn gu h-aigheach a dh'ionnsaigh a' chinn a-muigh dheth. Ach dìreach nuair a bha am fear a bh' air deireadh air a chasan a thoirt às a' mhol thàinig a' mholag a bha siud às na speuran agus bhuail i nar teis-meadhain. Thàinig tè eile agus tè eile agus mu dheireadh an robh fras do mholgan 's do dhòrnagan a' tuiteam mu na cluasan againn. A-mach a bha a h-uile fear riamh cho luath agus a bheireadh a chasan e ach a dh'aindeoin cho luath 's gun ruitheamaid chan fhaigheamaid air toiseach air an fhrois chlachan a bha 's ar dèidh gus mu dheireadh an do ràinig sinn an sgoth. Leum sinn innte agus bha sinn gu math air tarraing a-mach on Lùdaig mun do rinn a' chlach mu dheireadh gearradh fodha aig a deireadh.

Bha sinn uile cho mòr air ar cur mun cuairt 's nach deach againn air facal a ràdh gus an do ràinig sinn na Haun. Thòiseachadh an uair sin ri bruidhinn mun t-sàbhaladh a chaidh oirnn mun d'fhuair sinn don sgothaidh, agus 's e an rud a b'iongantaiche den ghnothach ar fad nach do bhuail eadhoin aon chlach air aon duine againn. Ach fhad 's a bha sinn a' bruidhinn mar sin thug mi fhèin an aire gu robh a' ghaoth ag èirigh 's a' sìor èirigh gus an robh i gus a bhith na làn stoirm.

“Nach e Dia chuir gu tighinn sinn,” arsa mi fhèin, “mun tàinig so.”

Thionndaich am fear bu shine a bh' anns a' chuideachd rium 's thuirt e.

“'S e Dia a chuir dhachaidh sinn mun tàinig seo gu firinneach a Ghilleasbuig,” ars' esan, “agus rud eile cha ruig sibh a leas iongnadh sam bith a bhith oirbh a-nis mu dheidhinn nan clachan a bhàtar a' tilgeadh oirbh a chionn 's e faireachadh a bh' ann o Dhia airson sinn cabhag a dhèanamh mun tigeadh an stoirm mar ceann.”

Myself and three others headed over to Uist one dark night up to forty years ago. We had business in Pollachar and it was late enough before we got to leave the Pollachar hotel. At that time there was no family actually living beside the Sound and because of this we had a long and lonely road to walk before we would reach Ludag, where we left the vessel

But anyway we were going along step by step, but we were going quite slow when we would normally be faster. As everyone will understand more than one of us had had a drink

or two too many. We were progressing that way, helping each other until we reached the place that they call Mol Dhòmhnall Iain Bharraich, by the side of Loch a' Bhruga. It was very difficult to walk fast on the shingly beach but we reached the end of it in good spirits. But just as the last man was about to step off the shingly beach this shingle came out of the skies and landed in our very midst. Another one and another one came, until in the end there was a shower of shingles and stones falling about our ears. Every man took off as fast as his feet could take him, but in spite of how fast we would run we could not get ahead of the shower of stones coming behind us, until at last we reached the vessel. We jumped into it and we pulled away a good bit from Ludag before the last stone came down at her stern.

We were all so disorientated that we could not say a word until we reached Haun. The talk then started about how we were saved before we reached the vessel, and the strangest thing about the affair was that not even one stone hit any of us. But as we were talking like this I noticed that the wind was rising and rising until it was becoming a full storm.

“Wasn't it God that brought us here,” I said, “before this arrived.”

The oldest man in the company turned to me and said: “It is God indeed that has brought us home before this came, Gilleasbuig,” he said, “and another thing that you need not be amazed by is the stones that were thrown at us, because it was a warning from God for us to hurry up before the storm came down about our heads.”



Na Ròin a bha a’ Tilgeadh nan Clach
Seals throwing Stones

Eriskay (Western Isles), Map No.: 13 (notes p. 74)

S-0013/MM(G)

Archibald MacInnes

LA ’s mi fhèin is Iain Mac Mhurchaidh air an Oitir, smaointich sinn gun rachamaid air tìr am Fùideigh gus an togamaid na lìn chaola. Bha toil againn laighe gu leòr thoirt dhaibh agus chàirich sinn oirre e leis a sin a-null gu Fùideigh ’s dalladh math gaoithe ann. Ràinig sinn Fùideigh ’s chaidh sinn air tìr. Cheangail mi fhèin an ròpa agus ghabh sinn suas ceum às a’ chladach feuch am faigheamaid sinn fhèin a bhlàthachadh ’s an latha ged ’s e samhradh fhèin a bh’ ann anabarrach fuar.

Nuair a thug sinn greis mhath nar sineadh air chùl gaoithe ’s ri aodann grèine, thill sinn sìos chon a’ chladaich feuch a faigheamaid greim no dhà àrain a bh’ agam ithe. Nuair a nochd sinn sìos chunnaic sinn sealladh a bhiodh ri shaoiltinn iongantach gu leòr an-diugh ged nach robh annas mòr dhe an uair sin. Bha, tha mi creidsinn aon dà fhichead ròn nan laigh air a’ mhol bheag a bha an taobh a-bhus dhen bhàta againn. Thug iad an aire dhuinn ach cha do ghluais gin dhaibh. Thòisich sinne air ithe ar bìdh ’s cha robh an aire againn air dad ach air sin fhèin.

Ach cha robh sinn mòran is dhen cheàird sin nuair a thàinig a’ mholag a bha siud ’s fhuair Iain anns a’ chluas i. Sheall e gu feargach orm-sa feuch am mi a thilg air i ach mun d’ fhuair mise mo bheul fhosgladh a ràdh ris nach mi, thàinig an tè bha sud ugam fhéin mun cheann. Chualas a’ ràn a bha siud air ar cùlaibh⁷ agus nuair a choimhead sinn bha feadhainn do na ròin gan rolladh fhéin air a’ mhol mar gum biodh iad a’ dol as an cìdhlean leis a’ ghàireachdaich, agus feadhainn eile ’s clachan aca deiseil gus an tilgeadh oirnn. Thàinig molag ’s thàinig a dhà agus a trì gus mu dheireadh an robh fras dhiubh a’ sìleadh mu na cluasan agam. Dh’èirich sinne nar seasamh mum bidheamaid air ar murt agus thug sinn an sgoth oirnn cho luath ’s a bheireadh ar casan sinn. Gheàrr sinn innte agus tharraing sinn a-mach on chladach agus gu dearbh bha sinn na àm. Cha robh cothrom aig na ròin air na clachan a chur fada ’s bha sin fhéin cho math. Bha iad a’ bualadh faisg [dhan] sgothaidh ach cha robh iad gu cron sam bith. Ach gus an dh’fhalbh sinn às an sealladh bha ’n aon ràn grànnda nam beul ’s gun e sgur idir.

Thionndaich Iain rium fhéin ’s thuirt e: “Nam bithinn,” ars’ esan, “a’ creidsinn gu bheil a leithid a rud ri geasan ann chanainn gum b’ e daoine fo gheasaibh a bh’ anns na ròin ud leis cho glic ’s a bha iad.”

“Glic no air a chaochladh,” arsa mise, “cha tèid mise cho dàna tuilleadh orra.”

One day when myself and Iain Mac Mhurchaidh were on the Oitir, we decided that we would land on Fuday so that we could take in the thin lines. We liked to give them enough time to lie, and with that we fixed them over to Fuday whilst there was a vigorous wind. We reached Fuday and we went ashore. I tied the rope and we went up a small bit from the shore, to see could we get ourselves warmed up on a day that was very cold even though it was summer.

When we had spent a good while stretched out with the wind at our back and the sun to our fronts, we returned back down to the shore to see if we would have a bite or two to

⁷ Normally *air ar cùlaibh* ‘behind us’; here reflects pronunciation.

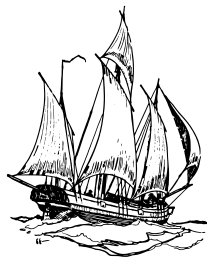
eat of the bread that I had brought with me. When we appeared down there we saw a sight that would be thought of as amazing these days even though it was not a novelty at that time. There was, I think, forty seals lying on the beach that was on this side of our boat. They noticed us but not one of them moved. We began to eat our food and we didn't pay attention to anything except that.

But we were not long at that when this stone came over and got Iain in the ear. He looked angrily at me to see if it was me that threw it at him but before I could open my mouth to tell him that it was not me, another stone came over and hit me in the head. This great roar was to be heard behind us and when we looked down there was a group of these seals rolling around on the beach as if they were going mad with laughter, and others with stones ready to throw at us. First one stone came, then two, then three until at last there was a shower of them falling around my ears. We stood up lest we were killed and headed for the vessel as fast as our feet could take us. We piled into it and we pulled away from the shore and we were definitely in time. The seals were not able to throw the stones as far as our boat, which was just as well.

They were landing near the boat but they were harmless. And until we got out of their sight they had the same horrible shout and it didn't stop at all.

Iain turned to me and he said: "If I was," he said, "to believe that such a thing as spells existed I would say that those seals are people that are under a spell, being as clever as they were."

"Smart or or not," I said, "I will no longer approach them so boldly."



The last three stories presented in this section were collected by various individuals working at the end of the nineteenth century for the Folklore Society and are currently kept at the School of Scottish Studies MacLagan collection.

Escape from Water-Horse

Berneray (Western Isles), Map No.: 14 (notes p. 74)

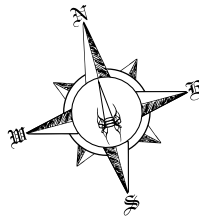
S-0014/MF(E)

Peter Sinclair

The reciter, who is a native of the island of Berneray, on the south west of Barra related the following incident, illustrating the belief in the existence of water horses. He said:

My mother's brother, John McNeill, was a great boatman. There was not the like of him in all Barra. He had a boat and would be trading among the islands. One time he was in the sound between the islands of Minglay and Pabbay, and they saw the appearance of a horse rising in the sea some distance from them. One of the crew remarked that it was N.C.'s, that it must have fallen over the rocks (this N.C. was a man that was living on the island of Minglay at that time, and he had a horse that was very poor, and the man thought that it was that horse). But my uncle said, '*Cha chreid mi gur e each N.C. tha ann fathast ach co dhiubh, tha cho mhath dhuibh fantuinn bhuarthe*' ("I do not believe that it is N.C.'s horse yet, but however, it is as well for you to keep away from it").

They had a fair breeze, but never mind, they saw that the thing that was in it was coming nearer, and at last it came so close that it lifted its two fore feet on the gunwale of the boat. They said it was just like a horse, only it had not so much hair about its head. My uncle made a spring and got one of the stones they had in the boat for ballast, and threw it out in the sea with a plunge, and just as he wanted, away the each uisge went after it, and by the time it rose to the surface again, the boat had got a good distance away. But they were making out that had it not been for a favourable wind, and that my uncle cheated the beast with the stone, it might have cost them their life.'



Anonymous 8122 8

— Folk Lore of the West Highlands —

Water horse.

They both saw him quite plainly, rising up out of the sea, and immediately plunging back again.

~~~~~

From Mr. Peter Sinclair, Bernera, Barra.

The reciter, who is a native of the island of Bernera, on the south-west of Barra related the following incident, illustrating the belief in the existence of water horses. He said:—

My mother's brother, John McNeill, was a great boatman. There was not the like of him in all Barra. He had a boat and would be trading among the islands. One time he was in the Sound between the islands of Minglay and Pabbay, and they saw the appearance of a horse rising in the sea some distance from them. One of the crew remarked that it was N. C.'s, that it must have fallen over the rocks (this N. C. was a man that was living on the island of Minglay at that time, and he had a horse that was very poor, and the man thought that it was that horse). But my uncle said, "Oha shreid mi gur e each N. C. tha ann fàstast, ach co dhinibh, tha cho mhath dhuibh fàstairinn dhuanthe" (I do not believe that it is N. C.'s horse yet, but however, it is as well for you to keep away from it).

They had a fair breeze, but never mind, they ~~the~~ saw that the thing that was in it was coming nearer, and at last it came so near that it lifted its two fore feet on the gunwale of the boat. They said it was just like a horse, only it had not so much hair about its head. My uncle made a spring and got one of the stones they had in the boat for ballast, and threw it out in the sea with a plunge, and just as he wanted, away the sack lodge went after it, and by the time it rose to the surface again, the boat had got a good distance away. But they were making out that had it not been for the favourable wind, and they way my uncle cheated the beast with the stone, it might have cost them their life.

~~~~~

Fig. 16: School of Scottish Studies Archives, MacLagan MS, p. 8122

Mermaid or Doppelgänger

Lohcarron (Highlands), Map No.: 15 (notes p. 75)

S-0015/MF(E)

Mrs Macnair

A Lohcarron woman, on the subject of mermaids said:

WHEN we were living in Glendale [Skye] Donald [her son] and another lad were one day catching rabbits. They were on the side of a brae, above rocky shore, and there was another lad down below them. He was at the shore. He came up to them in a great fright, crying that he had seen something. He could not say whether it was a man or a woman, on a rock in the sea. They all went down, but there was nothing to be seen, and when the thing came to be known in the district, from the lad's description, it was believed that what he had seen must have been a mermaid. But some time after that, this same lad who had seen the mermaid, as was supposed, was down at the same place, and when he was climbing the face of a high rock, he fell, and was so severely hurt that he died shortly after. When this happened some began to think that it might have been his own ghost he had seen there on the former occasion, and not the mermaid at all.

Kidnapped by Water-Spirit

Barra (Western Isles), Map No.: 16 (notes p. 75)

S-0016/LL(E)

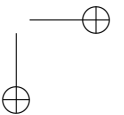
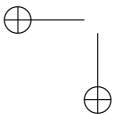
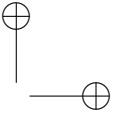
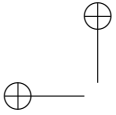
Mrs Maclean

There are several variants of the above. Mrs Mac L. who is also a native of Barra gave the following version:

I HEARD of some girls that were sitting one Sabbath day at the outside of a house in Baile Thang-as-dale, and a man whom none of them knew came forward, and sat down beside a girl that was in the company, and laid his head on her knees. The other girls fled into the house, leaving her there, and she noticed something in his head like the weeds that grow in locks. She happened to have a pair of scissors in her pocket, and she cut away the part of her petticoat on which his head lay, and leaving him there, she made her escape into the house, and in a little while he went away.

But on the next Sabbath after that, the same girls were sitting outside where they had been sitting the Sabbath before, and this time he came on them in the shape of a horse, and having caught this girl, he carried her away into the loch, and they never saw anything more of her, except pieces of her liver and heart that came ashore.





Notes



Map 3: Location of all Stories

Black Symbols: Stories in English

White Symbols: Stories in Irish or Scottish Gaelic

Abbreviations

I-0000	Ireland - running number
S-0000	Scotland - running number
Genre:	CL Contemporary Legend
	LB Local Belief
	LL Local Legend
	MF Maritime Fabulate
	MM Maritime Memoriate
	OM Oral Memoir
	PN Personal Narrative
	UL Urban Legend
Lang.	Language
	E English
	G Gaeilge / Gàidhlig
	Ir Irish
	ScG Scottish Gaelic
Loc.	Location
Inf.	Informant
Coll.	Collector
Rec.	Recorder
Transcr.	Transcriber
Transl.	Translator
Ref.	Reference
NFC	National Folklore Collection, University College Dublin, Ireland
–	M NFC-Main Collection
–	T NFC-Audio Archive Collection (Tape Recording)
–	UFP NFC-Urban Folklore Project Collection
–	SÓC NFC-Séamas Ó Catháin’s Tape Collection
SSSA	School of Scottish Studies Archives, University of Edinburgh, Scotland

ST – Stith Thompson, *Motif-index of Folk-literature: A Classification of Narrative Elements in Folktales, Ballads, Myths, Fables, Medieval Romances, Exempla, Fabliaux, Jest-books, and Local Legends*. Revised and enlarged edition, Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1955–1958.

BaK – Bengt af Klintberg, *The Types of the Swedish Folk Legend*, Helsinki: Academia Scientiarum Fennica, 2010 (Folklore Fellows Communications, vol. cxlvii, no. 300).

ML – Reidar Th. Christiansen, *The Migratory Legends. A Proposed List of Types with a Systematic Catalogue of the Norwegian Variants*, Helsinki: Suomalainen Tiedeakatemia, 1958 (Folklore Fellows Communications, no. 175).

MM – Maxim Fomin and Séamus Mac Mathúna, *Stories of the Sea – A Typological Study of Maritime Memorates in Modern Irish and Scottish Gaelic Folklore Traditions* Project Collection, 2010–. (available on-line at <http://www.ulster.ac.uk/arts/storiesofthesea>).

MLSIT – *Migratory Legend Suggested Irish Type*. In Bo Almqvist, ‘Crossing the Border: A Sampler of Irish Migratory Legends about the Supernatural’, *Béaloideas* 59, 1991, 209–78.

SJ – Marjatta Jauhiainen, *The Type and Motif Index of Finnish Belief Legends and Memorates. Revised and enlarged edition of Lauri Simonsuuri’s Typen und Motivverzeichnis der finnischen mythischen Sagen* (Folklore Fellows Communications no. 182), Helsinki: Suomalainen Tiedeakatemia, 1998 (Folklore Fellows Communications, no. 267).

Bibliography

Almqvist, Bo, 1990

‘Of Mermaids and Marriages. Seamus Heaney’s ‘Maighdean Mara’ and Nuala Ní Dhomhnaill’s ‘An Mhaighdean Mhara’ in the Light of Folk Tradition’, *Béaloideas* 58, 1–74.

Almqvist, Bo, 1991a

‘Waterhorse Legends (MLSIT 4086 & 4086B): The Case For and Against a Connection between Irish and Nordic Tradition’, *Béaloideas* 59, 107–120.

Almqvist, Bo, 1991b

‘Crossing the Border: A Sampler of Irish Migratory Legends about the Supernatural’, *Béaloideas* 59, 209–78.

Anson, Peter, 1965

Fisher Folk-Lore, London: Faith Press.

Bennett, Margaret, 2009

Scottish Customs. From the Cradle to the Grave, Edinburgh: Birlinn Ltd.

Chaimbeul, Ealasaid, 1928

Air Mo Chuairt, Steòrnabhagh: Acair.

Coull, James R., Fenton, Alexander, & Veitch, Kenneth, 2008

Boats, Fishing and the Sea. In: *Scottish Life and Society. A Compendium of Scottish Ethnology. Publications of the European Ethnological Research Centre. Volume 3*, Edinburgh: John Donald/Birlinn Ltd.

Dòmhnallach, Tormod C., 1978

Call na h-Ìolaire, Steòrnabhagh: Acair.

Fomin, Maxim, & Mac Mathúna, Séamus, 2015

‘Stories of the Sea: Reflections on a Research Project on the Subject of Maritime Memorates’. In: D. Johnston, E. Parina & M. Fomin, eds.: *Yn llawen iawn, yn llawn iaith. Proceedings of the Sixth International Colloquium of Societas Celto-Slavica held in St. Petersburg 28–30 June 2012*, Studia Celto-Slavica 7, Aberystwyth: Centre for Advanced Welsh & Celtic Studies, 241–51.

Mac Cárthaigh, Críostóir, 1999

‘An Bád Sí: Phantom Boat Legends in Irish Folk Tradition’. In: P. Lysaght, S. Ó Catháin, & D. Ó hÓgáin, eds.: *Islanders and Water-dwellers: Proceedings of The Celtic-Nordic-Baltic Folklore Symposium held at University College Dublin, 16–19 June 1996*, Dublin: DBA Publications, 165–76.

Mac Cárthaigh, Críostóir, 2008

Traditional Boats of Ireland. History, Folklore and Construction. Ár mbÁid Dúchais. Edited by Críostóir Mac Cárthaigh. Assistant and art editor Donal MacPolin. Irish language editor Ríonach Uí Ógáin, Cork: The Collins Press.

Mac Cárthaigh, Críostóir, 2012

‘Cill Stuífin sa Seanchas’. In: R. Uí Ógáin, W. Nolan, & E. Ó hÓgáin, eág., *Sean, Nua agus Sioraíocht – Féilscríbhinn in Ómós do Dháithí Ó hÓgáin*, Baile Átha Cliath: Coiscéim, 253–62.

MacDonald, Donald Archie, 1994–5

‘Migratory Legends of the Supernatural in Scotland: A General Survey’, *Béaloideas* 62–3, 29–78.

McCaughan, Michael, 1998

The Birth of the Titanic, Belfast: Blackstaff Press.

McKay, J.G., 1931

‘Scottish Gaelic Parallels to Tales and Motifs in “Béaloideas”, Vols. I and II’, *Béaloideas* 3.2, 139–48.

Molony, Senan, 2000

The Irish aboard Titanic, Dublin: Wolfhound Press.

Murphy, Michael J., 1987

Rathlin: Island of Blood and Enchantment. The Folklore of Rathlin, Dundalk: Dundalgan Press.

Ní Dhuibhne, Éilís, 1983

‘Dublin Modern Legends: An Intermediate Type List and Examples’, *Béaloideas* 51, 55–70.

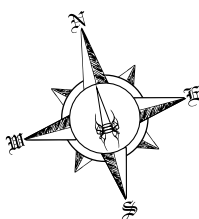
Ní Dhuibhne, Éilís, 2010

“‘Dublin made me and no little town’: The Urban Folklore Project 1979–80’. In: C. Mac Cárthaigh, S. Ó Catháin, R. Uí Ógáin, & S. Watson, eds.: *Seoda as Cnuasach Bhéaloideas Éireann. Treasures of the National Folklore Collection*. Dublin: Four Courts Press, 173–81.

Ní Fhloinn, Bairbre, 1999

‘Tadhg, Donncha, and Some of the Relations: Seals in Irish Oral Tradition’. In: P. Lysaght, S. Ó Catháin, & D.

- Ó hÓgáin, eds.: *Islanders and Water-dwellers: Proceedings of The Celtic-Nordic-Baltic Folklore Symposium held at University College Dublin, 16–19 June 1996*, Dublin: DBA Publications, 223–45.
- Ní Shúilleabháin, Brenda, 2007**
Bibeanna: Memories from a Corner of Ireland. Edited by Brenda Ní Shúilleabháin, Cork: Mercier Press.
- Nyberg, Harri, & Ar Gall, Erwan, 1996**
‘Traditional Material Culture and Regulations Concerning the Use of Seaweeds in Celtic Areas’. In: A. Ahlqvist, G.W. Banks, R. Latvio, N. Nyberg, & T. Sjöblom, eds.: *Celtica Helsingiensia. Proceedings of a Symposium on Celtic Studies. Commentationes Humanarum Litterarum* 107. Helsinki: Societas Scientiarum Fennica, 149–78.
- Ó Catháin, Séamas, 1983**
Scéalta Chois Chladaigh dá n-inseacht ag Seán Ó hEinirí, Cill Ghallagáin, Maigh Eo: Séamas Ó Catháin a bhailigh, a d’aistrigh agus a chuir nótaí leo. Stories of Sea and Shore told by John Henry, Kilgalligan, County Mayo: Collected, translated and annotated by Séamas Ó Catháin, Dublin: Comhairle Bhéaloideas Éireann.
- Ó hEochaidh, Seán, 1977**
Síscéalta Ó Thír Chonaill. Fairy Legends from Donegal. Originally collected by Seán Ó hEochaidh and translated into English by Máire Mac Neill. Irish texts edited by Séamas Ó Catháin. Dublin: University College Dublin for Comhairle Bhéaloideas Éireann, 1977.
- Ó hÓgáin, Dáithí, 1999**
‘The Mystical Island in Irish Folklore’. In: P. Lysaght, S. Ó Catháin, & D. Ó hÓgáin, eds.: *Islanders and Water-dwellers: Proceedings of The Celtic-Nordic-Baltic Folklore Symposium held at University College Dublin, 16–19 June 1996*, Dublin: DBA Publications, 247–60.
- Ó Máille, Tomás, 2010**
Sean-fhocla Chonnacht. Donla Uí Bhraonáin, eag. Baile Átha Cliath: Cois Life.
- Ó Súilleabháin, Seán, 1942**
A Handbook of Irish Folklore, Dublin: Comhairle Bhéaloideas Éireann.
- Thompson, Paul Richard; Wailey, Tony, & Lummis, Trevor, 1983**
Living the Fishing. London, Boston: Routledge and Kegan Paul.
- Quain, James T., 1991**
‘Phantoms of the Sea’, *The Ardmore Journal. Irisleabhar Áird Mhór*, 8, 3–8.



Stories from Ireland

I-0001/MM(G)

An Bád Sí – Fairy Boat Vision

Lang.: Irish. **Loc.:** Ireland, Kerry, Great Blasket (Ir. *An Blascaod Mór*).

Inf.: Pádraig (Peats Tom) Ó Cearnaigh. **Coll.:** Seosamh Ó Dálaigh. **Year:** 1940.

Genre: Memorate. **Category:** II.4.a (Phantom-boats).

Motif: STF 242.2 *Fairy boat*; STD 863 *Magic object*, STD 867 *Magic object mysteriously disappears*; STD 1982.5 *Boat made invisible*, STE 535.3.2 *Phantom boat*.

Ref.: NFC 701.299–300. Mac Cárthaigh 1999: 176 (text), 168 (translation).

Further reading: Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 514; Mac Cárthaigh 1999.

Abstract: Informant sees a three-man boat heading towards his own boat which is not visible to his fellow crew member. The three-man boat passes behind the sail of the informant’s boat, but does not re-appear.

Transl.: Críostóir Mac Cárthaigh.

I-0002/MM(G)

An Bá agus an Sampla – The Drowning and The Vision

Lang.: Irish. **Loc.:** Ireland, Kerry, Dingle (Ir. *Corca Dhuibhne*).

Inf.: Anonymous. **Coll.:** Brenda Ní Shuilleabháin. **Year:** Before 2006.

Genre: Memorate. **Category:** I.2.a (Drownings); II.2.d (Doppelgängers).

Motif: SJ A 51. *Death omen—person’s doppelgänger is seen*; SJ A 101. *Death omen—being in human form*; SJ C 621. *Supernormal things seen and heard at the site of a death, drowning, accident*; SJ A 141. *Omen of accident, shipwreck—being in human form*; SJ A 331. *Omen of accident, shipwreck—a strange sight*.

Ref.: Ní Shuilleabháin 2007: 250 (text).

Further reading: Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 216, 379, 487.

Abstract: Informant speaks of a series of premonitions and events that preceded the drowning of a man called Kelly and his companions, among them her acquaintance, Peaidí Mhuiris. Kelly’s mother, while on a visit to another son, has a vision of her drowned son the night before the drowning occurred. Local children coming from school talked to Kelly’s *doppelgänger* the night after the drowning; it is also said that another boat saw an apparition at sea that night.

Transl.: Séamus Mac Mathúna.

I-0003/MF(G)

Coinín Sí agus Úir Bheannaithe Thoraigh

The Fairy Rabbit and the Blessed Earth of Tory

Lang.: Irish. **Loc.:** Ireland, Donegal, Tory Island (Ir. *Oileán Thoraigh*).

Inf.: Jimí Dixon. **Coll.:** Seán Ó hEochaidh. **Year:** 1939/1954.

Genre: Fabulate. **Category:** I.2.c (Near escapes); I.3.b (Fishermen’s taboos); II.1.a (Sea fairies).

Motif: STF 234.1. *Fairy in form of an animal*; STF 931.4. *Extraordinary behaviour of waves*.

Ref.: Originally published without translation as No. 84, *Béaloides* 23 (1954) 222–3; see Ó hEochaidh 1977: 246, 248 (text), 247, 249 (translation).

Further reading: Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 296; Ó Máille 2010: 5; cf. McKay 1931: 142; Anson 1965: 102, 131; Thompson, Wailey and Lummis 1983: 193, 200.

Abstract: Informant’s grandfather goes fishing at the eastern point of Tory island with a local fisherman. While the sea is calm, they see a rabbit sitting on a cliff above them looking at them. When

they try to frighten the rabbit away with the help of the paddle, a storm breaks. The informant's grandfather swims back in the direction of Tory, pulling the boat and his companion with him. They land on a flat rock and manage to rescue the fishing gear and paddles they left behind. They believed it was the soil of Tory that saved them from drowning.

Transl.: Máire Mac Néill, *addenda et corrigenda* by S. Mac Mathúna and M. Fomin.

I-0004/MM(G)

Colann gan ceann – *The Headless Ghost*

Lang.: Irish. **Loc.:** Ireland, Mayo, Kilgalligan (Ir. *Cill Ghallagáin*).

Inf.: Seán Ó hEimirí. **Rec./Coll.:** Séamas Ó Catháin. **Year:** 1973.

Genre: Memorata. **Category:** II.2.b (Ghosts).

Motif: STE 422.1.1. *Headless revenant*; STF 511.0.1. *Headless person*; SJ B 1. *Ghost in human form—headless man—appears in the evening*; ST C 631. *Tabu: breaking the Sabbath*.

Ref.: NFC SOC 0006.1.175–180; Ó Catháin 1983: 46–7 (text and translation).

Further reading: Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 490; Ó Catháin 1983: 47; cf. MacDonald 1994–5: 66.

Abstract: Informant goes fishing with three others at dusk on Saturday night. When one of them lights his pipe in a cove north-east of Portacloy called *An Poll Dorcha* ('The Black Hole') near Toghercloheen (Ir. *Barr na Spince*), the man at the rudder urges them to row as fast as they can. At these words, the informant turns around and sees a headless ghost. Scared, they make for home.

Transl.: Séamas Ó Catháin.

I-0005/MF(E)

Baling Water

Lang.: English. **Loc.:** Ireland, Antrim, Rathlin Island.

Inf.: Donal McCurdy. **Coll.:** Michael J. Murphy. **Year:** 1954.

Genre: Fabulate. **Category:** I.4.b (Big fish); II.3.a (Sea-beasts); I.2.c (Near escapes).

Motif: ST G 308. *Sea monster*; SJ R 501. *Sea monster*.

Ref.: Murphy 1987: 68.

Further reading: Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 505.

Abstract: Informant relates a story of his uncle's encounter with a sea monster.

I-0006/MM(E)

Paddy Downey's Phantom Boat

Lang.: English. **Loc.:** Ireland, Waterford, Ardmore.

Inf.: Paddy Downey. **Rec.:** James T. Quain. **Year:** 1936.

Genre: Memorata. **Category:** II.4.a (Phantom boats); I.2.b (Shipwreck).

Motif: STE 535.3.2. *Phantom boat*; ST C 631. *Tabu: breaking the Sabbath*; cf. STE 535.3. *Ghost ship*; SJ A 331. *Omen of accident, harm, shipwreck*.

Ref.: Quain 1991: 6.

Further reading: Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 514; Mac Cárthaigh 1999.

Abstract: Fishermen see a weak light by the shore when fishing. Within a week, a schooner from Youghal is lost in the storm, the same one referred to in I-0007/8 below.

I-0007/MM(E)

Mikie Lynch's Phantom Boat

Lang.: English. **Loc.:** Ireland, Waterford, Ardmore.

Inf.: Mikie Lynch. **Rec.:** James T. Quain. **Year:** 1936.

Genre: Memorate. **Category:** II.4.a (Phantom boats); I.2.b (Shipwreck).

Motif: STE 535.3.2. *Phantom boat*; cf. STE 535.3. *Ghost ship*; SJA 331. *Omen of accident, harm, shipwreck*.

Ref.: Quain 1991: 7.

Further reading: Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 514; Mac Cárthaigh 1999.

Abstract: Fishing crew see a big ship coming very close to them. Having retreated to the pier, they consider it to have been a phantom-boat and an omen of bad luck to come.

A few days later, a great storm arises and the Nellie Fleming goes down.

I-0008/MM(E)

Jimmy Rooney's Phantom Boat

Lang.: English. **Loc.:** Ireland, Waterford, Ardmore.

Inf.: Jimmy Rooney. **Coll.:** James T. Quain. **Year:** 1936.

Genre: Memorate. **Category:** II.4.a (Phantom boats); I.2.b (Shipwreck).

Motif: STE 535.3.2. *Phantom boat*; cf. STE 535.3. *Ghost ship*; SJA 331. *Omen of accident, harm, shipwreck*.

Ref.: Quain 1991: 5.

Further reading: Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 514; Mac Cárthaigh 1999; for special terms relating to various aspects of navigation, see Mac Cárthaigh 2008.

Abstract: Phantom-boat seen twice by fishermen while fishing during the night. They put out the nets and pull them back in again when they see a big ship approaching. After a while, they decide to put out the nets again and are terrified by the big ship coming their way. Having put one of the crew members ashore, the ship was not seen again and a week later a boat from the area went down in the big storm.

I-0009/UL(E)

Crocs in the Quarry

Lang.: English. **Loc.:** Ireland, Co. Dublin, O'Devaney Gardens.

Inf.: Paddy Lynch. **Rec./Coll.:** Éilis Ní Dhuibhne. **Year:** 1980.

Genre: Urban legend. **Category:** II.4.c (Water animals).

Motif: STB 877.1.1. *Water monster attacks man*; STC 532. *Tabu: touching water*; SJR 501. *Large fish, water monster—appears to humans*.

Ref.: NFC UFP 000308.7.

Further reading: Ní Dhuibhne 1983 and 2010.

Abstract: Informant tells a story of a person from the travelling community who was frightened by a water creature one morning in a quarry. He believes this was a crocodile that was released by a local farmer when it got too big for his farm.

I-0010/MF(G)

Bá ag Ceathrú na gCloch – Drowning at Ceathrú na gCloch

Lang.: Irish. **Loc.:** Ireland, Mayo, Portacloy (Ir. *Port a' Chlóidh*)

Inf.: Seán Ó Neachtain. **Rec./Coll.:** Leo Corduff. **Year:** 1958.

Genre: Fabulate. **Category:** I.2.a (Drownings); I.2.c (Near escapes).

Motif: STE 379.1. *Return from dead to rescue from drowning*; STE 414. *Drowned person cannot rest in peace*.

Ref.: NFC T 0047, 40.00–44.22.

Further reading: Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 379–80.

Abstract: Informant relates about the drowning of three fishermen from Ceathrú na gCloch in Co. Mayo. When the three men and a companion went fishing, a fellow fisherman at the quay recognised two of them, but could not identify the other two. When the sea got rough, a Scottish fisherman warned the fishermen to go home. They disregarded his advice and when they did return, three were drowned and only one survived. The Scotsman believed the three had been abducted.

Transl.: Séamus Mac Mathúna and Maxim Fomin.

I-0011/LL(G)

Taibhsí ón Trá – *Ghosts from the Beach*

Lang.: Irish. **Loc.:** Ireland, Mayo, Portacloy (Ir. *Port a' Chlóidh*).

Informant: Seán Ó Neachtain. **Rec./Coll.:** Leo Corduff. **Year:** 1958.

Genre: Local legend. **Category:** I.2.a (Drownings); II.2.c (The dead).

Motif: ST E 545.17. *The dead foretell the future*; ST E 341.2. *Dead grateful for food*.

Tale type: Cf. ML 5080. *Food from the fairies*.

Ref.: NFC T 0047, 45:16–46.21.

Further reading: Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 481, 488.

Abstract: Informant tells a story which he heard in New York about the drowning of four fishermen. On the night in question, doppelgängers of the fishermen enter a particular house, share a meal with the hosts, and warn them not to touch any bodies if these land on the beach. Next morning, people rush to the beach, but can only see pieces of old rope on the sand.

Transl.: Séamus Mac Mathúna and Maxim Fomin.

I-0012/MM(G)

Na Daoine Maithe 7 Oileán Draíochta – *The Good Folk and a Magical Island*

Lang.: Irish. **Loc.:** Ireland, Galway, Ballinakill (Ir. *Baile na Cille*).

Inf.: Pádraic Ó Clocharta. **Coll.:** Pronnsias De Búrca. **Year:** 1941.

Genre: Memorata. **Category:** II.5.a (Mystical islands); I.3.a (Seasonal work).

Motif: ST D 2153.1.1. *Island created by magic*.

Ref.: NFC M 786, 92–95 [transcription of the Wax Cylinder Recording 2108 (b) - 2109 (a)].

Further reading: Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 505; Ó hÓgáin 1999; Mac Cárthaigh 2012.

Abstract: The informant tells the story of a vision of a magical island west of Aran Islands, Connemara. When he saw it, he was collecting kelp. He drew attention of his companions and they could all see the island for a long period of time. Rushing to finish their business before the tide, they returned to work and the island was not seen again.

Transl.: Séamus Mac Mathúna and Maxim Fomin.

I-0013/LL(E)

Cill Stuithín – *Kilstiffin Island*

Lang.: English. **Loc.:** Ireland, Kerry, Curraghatoosane (Ir. *Currach an tSuasáin*)

Inf.: Seán Ó Cearmuda. **Rec./Transcr.:** Seosamh Ó Dálaigh. **Year:** 1939.

Genre: Local legend. **Category:** II.5.a (Mystical islands); II.5.b (Liminal places); I.2.b (Shipwreck).

Motif: ST A 955. *Origin of islands*; ST B 155.4. *Neighing of horse indicates important spot*; ST B 184.1.3. *Magic horse from water world*; ST D 934.1. *Magic sod*; ST F 735.0.3. *Island appears only at certain times*.

Ref.: NFC M 658, 470–73, a transcription of Tape 2259 (a).

Further reading: Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 505; Ó hÓgáin 1999; Mac Cárthaigh 2012.

Abstract: Story of various incidents connected with the magical island of Kilstiffin. Starts with a legend of the drowning of a mare and a foal beside a cliff where the entrance to the island is believed

to be, continues with an incident concerning the sinking of a four-masted ship and finishes off with a popular etymology of the name of the Isle of Man.

I-0014/LL(E)

St. Martin's Night / City of Bannow

Lang.: English. **Loc.:** Ireland, Wexford, Duncormick

Inf.: Mary Cox. **Coll.:** Thomas Ó Ciardha. **Year:** 1935.

Genre: Local legend. **Category:** (1) I.2.a (Drownings); (2) II.4.b (Submerged towns).

Motif: (1) *ST C 631. Tabu: breaking the Sabbath; STF 931.4. Extraordinary behavior of waves.* (2) *STF 944. City sinks in the sea.*

Ref.: NFC M 107, 245–46.

Further reading: Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 347, 506; Ó hÓgáin 1999.

Abstract: Story illustrating (1) a prohibition to fish on St. Martin's Day and (2) an accompanying legend of the drowning of the town of Bannow.

I-0015/LL(G)

Pat John Eoghain's Sea-Horse

Lang.: Irish. **Loc.:** Ireland, Donegal, Teelin (Ir. *Teileann*)

Inf.: Micheál Ó hÍghne. **Coll.:** Seán Ó hEochaidh. **Year:** 1946.

Genre: Local legend. **Category:** II.3.c (Sea-horses); I.3.a (Fishing).

Motif: *ST B 71. Sea-horse.*

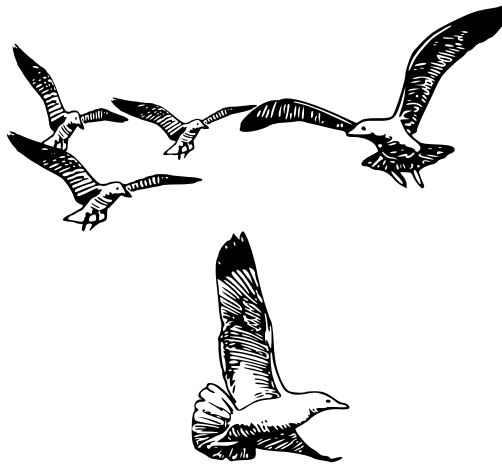
Tale type: Cf. *ML 4085. The Sea-horse and the Sea-serpent.*

Ref.: NFC M 990, 399–400.

Further reading: Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 503; cf. MacDonald 1994-5: 50-1; McKay 1931: 143-4.

Abstract: A sea-horse is caught and brought ashore by a crew of fishermen where the creature is released and set free.

Transl.: Maxim Fomin and Séamus Mac Mathúna.



Stories from Scotland

S-0001/LL(G)

Bàthadh na Dubhsgeir – *The Drowning at Black Rock*

Lang.: Scottish Gaelic. **Loc.:** Scotland, Highlands, Glenelg.

Inf.: Rev. Norman MacDonald. **Rec.:** Calum I. Maclean. **Year:** 1953.

Genre: Local legend. **Category:** I.2.a (Drownings).

Motif: STB 733.2. *Dogs howling indicates death*; STE 720.1. *Souls of human beings seen in dream*; STD 1810.8.2.2. *Person dreams of spot where drowned body lies*; SJA 801. *Dead person appears in dream—reveals some matter*.

Ref.: Published in *Tocher. Tales, Songs, Traditions* 54–55, (1999) 339–342; School of Scottish Studies Archives, SA 1953.24.A5.

Further reading: Bennett 2009: 201–15.

Abstract: Informant tells a story about the drowning of people after a big ship capsized when it struck a rock. He recalls the howling of dogs prior to the event as a bad omen; he also tells of dreams that local women had seen after the accident. In one of the dreams, the exact location of the bodies of the drowned passengers had been revealed.

Transl.: Donald Archie MacDonald and Morag MacLeod.

S-0002/OM(G)

Soitheach bho a cùrs aig Eilean nan Uan

Boat off-course at Eilean nan Uan

Lang.: Scottish Gaelic. **Loc.:** Scotland, Lewis, Stornoway.

Inf.: Tormod Calum Dòmhnallach. **Rec.:** Tormod Calum Dòmhnallach. **Year:** 1959.

Genre: Oral memoir. **Category:** I.1.b. (Boats); I.1.c (Passenger travel).

Motif: STR 138. *Rescue from shipwreck*.

Ref.: Dòmhnallach 1978: 15 (text).

Abstract: Account of a sea trip from Minch to Stornoway; the vessel was guided by the Miled light and landed on Rubha instead.

Transl.: John Shaw assisted by Séamus Mac Floinn.

S-0003/OM(G)

Feadhainn a Chaidh a Chanada – *The People that Went to Canada*

Lang.: Scottish Gaelic. **Loc.:** Scotland, Western Isles, Barra.

Inf.: Ealasaid Chaimbeul. **Rec.:** Ealasaid Chaimbeul. **Year:** 1923.

Genre: Oral memoir. **Category:** I.1.a (Migration).

Motif: STF 701. *Land of plenty*, cf. STF 701.2. *Land of the Blessed*; cf. STP 251.3. *Brothers follow each other in exile*.

Ref.: Chaimbeul 1982: 12 (text).

Abstract: Account of informant's uncle leaving for Canada with many others.

Transl.: Séamus Mac Floinn.

S-0004/LL(G)

An Crodh-Mara – *Sea-cattle*

Lang.: Scottish Gaelic. **Loc.:** Scotland, Western Isles, Grimsay.

Inf.: Peter Morrison. **Rec./Transcr.:** Donald Archie MacDonald. **Year:** 1974.

Genre: Local legend. **Category:** II.3.b (Sea-cattle).

Motif: *ST B 72. Sea-cow; SJ L 301 Water-cows—Fat, beautiful cows come ashore to pasture; cf. BaK F92. Steel thrown over water cow.*

Tale type: *MLSIT 4086. The Water Horse as Work-Horse; ?cf. ML 6055. Fairy-cows.*

Ref.: Published in *Tocher. Tales, Songs, Traditions* 16 (1973–4) 308–311; School of Scottish Studies Archives, SA 1974.156.A2.

Further reading: McKay 1931: 143; Almqvist 1991a; MacDonald 1994–5: 50 (F94); cf. Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 503; Almqvist 1991b: 236, 272.

Abstract: It was believed that the sea cattle used to be driven by sea herdsmen and would come at a particular phase of the moon when the tide was almost out. Throwing a handful of earth at the side or at the head of the animal would stop it. Machaire on the West Side of North Uist and Machaire on Benbecula were noted for sea cattle coming ashore.

Transl.: Donald Archie MacDonald.

S-0005/MF(G)

Solais is Taibhsean – *Ghostly Light*

Lang.: Scottish Gaelic. **Loc.:** Scotland, Argyll, Morvern.

Inf.: Jessie Cameron. **Recs.:** John MacInnes and Donald Archie MacDonald.

Transcr./Transl.: Morag MacLeod. **Year:** 1967.

Genre: Fabulate. **Category:** I.3.c (Portents); II.2.c (The dead).

Motif: *STE 530.1.6. Ghost light serves as death omen; STE 765.1. Life bound up with light; STD 1812.0.1.2. Foreknowledge of means of death.*

Ref.: Published in *Tocher. Tales, Songs, Traditions* 57 (2003) 36–37; School of Scottish Studies Archives, SA 1967.34.B4, B5.

Further reading: Bennett 2009: 201–15; cf. Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 513.

Abstract: Informant tells the story of her father who saw a supernatural light by the pier—the place where his own body was to be found some time later.

Transl.: Morag MacLeod.

S-0006/LL(E)

Brig Exmouth

Lang.: English. **Loc.:** Scotland, Islay, Port Ellen.

Inf.: Mrs Earl. **Rec.:** Mary MacDonald. **Year:** 1969.

Genre: Local legend. **Category:** I.2.b (Shipwreck), II.2.c (The dead).

Motif: *SJ A 801. Dead person appears in dream—reveals some matter.*

Ref.: Published in *Tocher. Tales, Songs, Traditions* 9 (1973) 4; School of Scottish Studies Archives, SA 1969.28.A18, B1.

Further reading: cf. Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 378.

Abstract: A ship from Derry sank near Saligo. A local girl went with her mother to the shore, picked up a doll washed from the ship and took it home. That night, the mother had a dream about a girl crying for her doll. The mother and the daughter buried the doll on the shore.

S-0007/MM(G)

Stòiridh a’ Titanic – *Story of the Titanic*

Lang.: Scottish Gaelic. **Loc.:** Scotland, Western Isles, Grimsay.

Inf.: Peter Morrison. **Rec./Coll.:** Donald Archie MacDonald. **Year:** 1967.

Genre: Memorata. **Category:** I.1.b (Boats); I.3.c (Premonition).

Motif: *STM 358.1. Evil predictions concerning journeys; SJ A 141 Omen of accident, loss of home,*

shipwreck—being in human form; SJ A 331 Omen of accident, harm, shipwreck—a strange sight is seen.

Ref.: School of Scottish Studies Archives, SA 1967.120.A1.

Further reading: McCaughan 1998; Molony 2000.

Abstract: Peter Morrison was in Belfast on the day the Titanic was launched. He was working on a boat at the time, sailing between Glasgow and Belfast. On the day, Peter heard one Irishman say to his companion, “Mark my word, Pat, she’ll be an unlucky ship.”

Transl: John Shaw assisted by Séamus Mac Floinn and Séamus Mac Mathúna.

S-0008/MF(G)

Each Mara Mhàiri Iain Mhicheal – Màiri Iain Micheal’s Sea Horse

Lang.: Scottish Gaelic. **Loc.:** Scotland, Western Isles, Vatersay. **Year:** 1958.

Inf.: Nan MacKinnon (NMCK). **Rec./Coll.:** James Ross (JR).

Genre: Fabulate. **Category:** II.3.c (Sea-horses); I.3.a (Seasonal work).

Motif: ST B 71. *Sea-horse*; cf. ST B 17.2.1. *Hostile sea-beasts*.

Tale type: ML 4085. *The Sea-horse and the Sea-serpent*.

Ref.: School of Scottish Studies Archives, SA 1958.156.3.

Further reading: McKay 1931: 143–4; on terminology relating to seaweed, see Nyberg and Ar Gall 1996; Coull, Fenton and Veitch 2008: 135–168.

Abstract: Informant’s grandmother saw a water-horse as she was cutting seaweed for potatoes. She turned around to see the horse disappear into the water—a grey coloured horse, with seaweed on its back just like rocks on the shore.

Transl.: John Shaw.

S-0009/MM(G) / S-00010/LL(G)

Cunntais air a’ Mhaighdean Mhara – Stories about Mermaids

Lang.: Scottish Gaelic. **Loc.:** Scotland, Western Isles, Vatersay.

Inf.: Nan MacKinnon (NMCK) and Jonathan MacLeod (JMcL). **Rec./Coll.:** James Ross (JR). **Genre:** Memorata / Local legend. **Year:** 1958.

Category: II.1.b (Mermaids).

Motif: ST B 81. *Mermaid*; ST B 81.9. *Appearance of mermaid*; ST B 81.0.1. *Mermaids are like fishes in the water*; ST B 81.7. *Mermaid warns of bad weather*.

Tale type: ML 4060. *The Mermaid’s Message*.

Ref.: School of Scottish Studies Archives, SA 1958.156.4.

Further reading: Almqvist 1990; MacDonald 1994–5: 58.

Abstract: JONATHAN MACLEOD and friend saw a creature in water and first thought it was a seal, but it looked like a woman with a tail like that of a fish. They guessed it was a mermaid. It was supposed to be bad luck to see one, and also a sign of bad weather.

NAN MACKINNON tells of a man’s encounter with a mermaid who warned him by posing a riddle hinting at an approaching storm.

Transl.: John Shaw assisted by Séamus Mac Floinn.

S-0011/MM(G)

Manadh an Sgadain – Premonition about Herring

Lang.: Scottish Gaelic. **Loc.:** Scotland, Western Isles, Eriskay.

Inf.: Ronald Johnston. **Coll.:** Donald Macdonald. **Year:** 1933.

Genre: Memorata. **Category:** I.3.c (Portents).

Motif: ST F 986. *Extraordinary occurrences concerning fishing*; ST F 986.5. *Shores flooded with sea-fish*;

cf. STF 931.9.2. *Sea yields people whatever they desire.*

Ref.: Donald Macdonald Collection from Eriskay, Vol. 1, 43–7 (text).

Further reading: cf. Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 25–8.

Abstract: The informant and Dòmhnall Ruadh Mac Nèill are in a boat in a small bay north of Loch Bràcadail on the Isle of Skye having just gone through a storm. A boat arrives into the bay, and its crew is upset about a poor catch of fish.

Dòmhnall has a vision about the boat that just arrived and predicts that its crew will not suffer any shortage of fish from then on.

Transl.: John Shaw.

S-0012/MM(G)

Am Faireachadh – *The Inkling*

Lang.: Scottish Gaelic. **Loc.:** Scotland, Western Isles, Eriskay.

Inf.: Archibald MacInnes. **Coll.:** Donald Macdonald. **Year:** 1933.

Genre: Memorate. **Category:** I.3.c (Portents).

Motif: STF 962.8. *Extraordinary showers*; STD 1841.5.1.1. *Invulnerability from hurled stones*; ST V 540. *Intervention of Providence saves person's life.*

Ref.: Donald Macdonald Collection from Eriskay, Vol. 1, 10–14 (text). **Abstract:** Four men go by boat on a business trip to Pollachar on Uist. Returning to the boat later at night a shower of pebbles falls around them. They reach the boat and sail home. On reaching the harbour, a storm starts. The shower of stones is taken as a warning of divine intervention.

Transl.: John Shaw.

S-0013/MM(G)

Na Ròin a bha a' Tilgeadh nan Clach – *Seals throwing Stones*

Lang.: Scottish Gaelic. **Loc.:** Scotland, Western Isles, Eriskay.

Inf.: Archibald MacInnes. **Coll.:** Donald Macdonald. **Year:** 1933.

Genre: Memorate. **Category:** I.4.a (Seals).

Motif: ST B 762.1. *Animal attacks by throwing pebbles.*

Ref.: Donald Macdonald Collection from Eriskay, Vol. 2, 217–219 (text).

Further reading: cf. Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 296; Ní Fhloinn 1999.

Abstract: Informant is attacked by seals that start throwing pebbles at him and his companion when they find shelter on a beach frequented by the sea-creatures.

Transl.: John Shaw.

S-0014/MF(E)

Escape from Water-horse

Lang.: English. **Loc.:** Scotland, Western Isles, Berneray (at Barra).

Inf.: Peter Sinclair. **Rec.:** Anonymous. **Year:** Not recorded (c. late 19th–early 20th century).

Genre: Fabulate. **Category:** II.3.c (Sea-horses); I.2.c (Near escapes).

Motif: ST F 420.1.3.3. *Water spirit as horse*; ST R 210. *Escapes.*

Ref.: SSSA, *MacLagan Manuscripts* 8122.

Further reading: MacDonald 1994–5: 50–52. **Abstract:** Story of informant's uncle who saw a water-horse whilst at sea and by throwing a ballast stone distracted the monster's attention away from the boat which helped them to escape.

S-0015/MM(E)

Mermaid or Doppelgänger

Lang.: English. **Loc.:** Scotland, Highlands, Lochcarron.

Inf.: Mrs Macnair. **Rec.:** Anonymous. **Year:** Not recorded (c. late 19th—early 20th century).

Genre: Fabulate. **Category:** II.1.b (Mermaids); II.2.d (Doppelgängers).

Motif: *ST D 1812.5.1.9. Sight of mermaid as a bad omen; ST E 723.2. Seeing one's wraith a sign that person is to die shortly; ST B 81.13.7. Mermaid appears as omen of catastrophe; SJA 51. Death omen – person's doppelgänger is seen.*

Ref.: SSSA, *MacLagan Manuscripts*, p. 9075.

Further reading: Almqvist 1990; cf. Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 502.

Abstract: Informant's son hears of seeing a mermaid from another person who dies shortly afterwards, having hurt himself at the place of the incident.

S-0016/LL(E)

Kidnapped by Water-spirit

Lang.: English. **Loc.:** Scotland, Western Isles, Barra.

Inf.: Mrs Maclean. **Rec.:** Anonymous. **Year:** Not recorded (c. late 19th—early 20th century).

Genre: Local legend. **Category:** II.2.a (Solitary spirits); II.3.c (Sea-horses).

Motif: *ST F 420.1.1. Water-spirit as man; ST F 420.1.3.3. Water-spirit as horse; ST F 420.5.2.2. Water-spirit kidnaps mortals and keeps them under water; cf. ST C 631. Tabu: breaking the Sabbath.*

Ref.: SSSA, *MacLagan Manuscripts*, p. 8119.

Further reading: MacDonald 1994–5: 50 (F57, F58); cf. Ó Súilleabháin 1942: 503.

Abstract: A water spirit comes two Sabbaths in a row, first in the shape of a human, next in the shape of a horse. The spirit comes to a particular girl on the first occasion and puts its head on her knees; the girl escapes by cutting the part of her dress off where the head laid; second time it kidnaps her and she is never to be seen again.



Fig. 17: Skeleton of an *Each Uisge Earballach*, "Long-tailed Water Horse" kept at An t-Ord / Ord, Isle of Skye. The sign reads: "This is the only known example of this rare beast—a distant relative of the better known *Monstra Nessium*. This specimen was stranded at an exceptionally low tide in 1967."

List of Categories

I. Maritime society, culture and tradition

I.1. Travel and water routes

- I.1.a. Migration S-0003 (p. 35)
- I.1.b. Boats and cargo S-0002 (p. 34), 0007 (p. 42)
- I.1.c. Passenger travel S-0002 (p. 34)

I.2. Disasters

- I.2.a. Drownings I-0002 (p. 4), 0010 (p. 15), 0011 (p. 18), 0014 (p. 26)
..... S-0001 (p. 31)
- I.2.b. Shipwreck I-0006 (p. 10), 0007 (p. 11), 0008 (p. 11), 0013 (p. 22)
..... S-0006 (p. 41)
- I.2.c. Near escapes I-0003 (p. 5), 0005 (p. 9), 0010 (p. 15)
..... S-0014 (p. 57)

I.3. Maritime custom and belief

- I.3.a. Fishing and seasonal work I-0012 (p. 19), 0015 (p. 27)
..... S-0008 (p. 46)
- I.3.b. Fishermen’s taboos I-0003 (p. 5), I-0014 (p. 26)
- I.3.c. Portents, omens, predictions I-0002 (p. 4), 0006 (p. 10)
..... S-0001 (p. 31), 0005 (p. 39), 0007 (p. 42), 0011 (p. 50), 0012 (p. 53)

I.4. Marine environment

- I.4.a. Seals S-0013 (p. 55)
- I.4.b. Big fish, sharks, whales I-0005 (p. 9)
- I.4.c. Water animals I-0011 (p. 18)

II. Supernatural beings, places and objects

II.1. Supernatural water-beings

- II.1.a. Sea-fairies I-0003 (p. 5)
- II.1.b. Mermaids S-0009 (p. 47), 0010 (p. 47), 0015 (p. 59)

II.2. Supernatural anthropomorphic beings

- II.2.a. Solitary spirits
 - II.2.a.i. Water-spirit in the form of a human S-0016 (p. 59)
- II.2.b. Ghosts I-0004 (p. 8)
- II.2.c. The dead I-0011 (p. 18)
..... S-0005 (p. 39), 0006 (p. 41)
- II.2.d. Doppelgänger I-0002 (p. 4), 0011 (p. 18)
..... S-0015 (p. 59)

II.3. Supernatural zoomorphic water-beings

- II.3.a. Sea-beasts I-0005 (p. 9)
- II.3.b. Sea-cattle S-0004 (p. 37)
- II.3.c. Sea-horses I-0015 (p. 27)
..... S-0008 (p. 46), 0014 (p. 57), 0016 (p. 59)

II.4. Supranormal objects at sea

- II.4.a. Phantom boats I-0001 (p. 3), 0006 (p. 10), 0007 (p. 11), 0008 (p. 11)
- II.4.b. Submerged towns I-0014 (p. 26)

II.5. Maritime landmarks credited with supernatural character

- II.5.a. Mystical islands I-0012 (p. 19), 0013 (p. 22)
- II.5.b. Liminal places of sea and shore I-0013 (p. 22)

List of Motifs from Stith Thompson’s *Motif Index of Folk Literature*

A. Mythological Motifs

A 955. Origin of islands I-0013 (p. 22)

B. Animal Motifs

B 17.2.1. Hostile sea-beasts S-0008 (p. 46)

B 71. Sea-horse I-0015 (p. 27)

..... S-0008 (p. 46)

B 72. Sea-cow S-0004 (p. 37)

B 81. Mermaid S-0009 (p. 47), 0010 (p. 47)

B 81.0.1. Mermaids are like fishes in the water S-0009 (p. 47), 0010 (p. 47)

B 81.7. Mermaid warns of bad weather S-0009 (p. 47), 0010 (p. 47)

B 81.9. Appearance of mermaid S-0009 (p. 47), 0010 (p. 47)

B 81.13.7. Mermaid appears as omen of catastrophe S-0015 (p. 59)

B 155.4. Neighing of horse indicates important spot I-0013 (p. 22)

B 184.1.3. Magic horse from water-world I-0013 (p. 22)

B 733.2. Dogs howling indicates death S-0001 (p. 31)

B 762.1. Animal attacks by throwing pebbles S-0013 (p. 55)

B 877.1.1. (Giant) water-monster attacks man I-0009 (p. 13)

C. Motifs of Tabu

C 532. Tabu: touching water I-0009 (p. 13)

C 631. Tabu: breaking the Sabbath I-0004 (p. 8), 0006 (p. 10), 0014 (p. 26)

..... S-0016 (p. 59)

D. Magic

D 863. Magic object I-0001 (p. 3)

D 867. Magic object mysteriously disappears I-0001 (p. 3)

D 934.1. Magic sod I-0013 (p. 22)

D 1810.8.2.2. Person dreams of spot where drowned body lies S-0001 (p. 31)

D 1812.0.1.2. Foreknowledge of means of death S-0005 (p. 39)

D 1812.5.1.9. Sight of mermaid as a bad omen S-0015 (p. 59)

D 1841.5.1.1. Invulnerability from hurled stones S-0012 (p. 53)

D 1982.5. Boat made invisible I-0001 (p. 3)

D 2153.1.1. Island created by magic I-0012 (p. 19)

E. The Dead

E 341.2. Dead grateful for food I-0011 (p. 18)

E 379.1. Return from dead to rescue from drowning I-0010 (p. 15)

E 414. Drowned person cannot rest in peace I-0010 (p. 15)

E 422.1.1. Headless revenant I-0004 (p. 8)

E 530.1.6. Ghost light serves as death omen S-0005 (p. 39)

E 535.3. Ghost ship I-0006 (p. 10), 0007 (p. 11), 0008 (p. 11)

E 535.3.2. Phantom boat I-0001 (p. 3), 0006 (p. 10), 0007 (p. 11), 0008 (p. 11)

E 545.17. The dead foretell the future I-0011 (p. 18)

E 720.1. Souls of human beings seen in dream S-0001 (p. 31)

E 723.2. Seeing one’s wraith a sign that person is to die shortly S-0015 (p. 59)

E 765.1. Life bound up with light S-0005 (p. 39)

F. Marvels

F 234.1. Fairy in form of an animal I-0003 (p. 5)

F 242.2. Fairy boat	I-0001 (p. 3)
F 420.1.1. Water-spirit as man	S-0016 (p. 59)
F 420.1.3.3. Water spirit as horse	S-0014 (p. 57), 0016 (p. 59)
F 420.5.2.2. Water-spirit kidnaps mortals and keeps them under water	S-0016 (p. 59)
F 511.0.1. Headless person	I-0004 (p. 8)
F 701. Land of plenty	S-0003 (p. 35)
F 701.2. Land of the Blessed	S-0003 (p. 35)
F 735.0.3. Island appears only at certain times	I-0013 (p. 22)
F 931.4. Extraordinary behaviour of waves	I-0003 (p. 5), 0014 (p. 26)
F 931.9.2. Sea yields people whatever they desire	S-0011 (p. 50)
F 944. City sinks in the sea	I-0014 (p. 26)
F 962.8. Extraordinary showers	S-0012 (p. 53)
F 986. Extraordinary occurrences concerning fishing	S-0011 (p. 50)
F 986.5. Shores flooded with sea-fish	S-0011 (p. 50)
G. Ogres	
G 308. Sea monster	I-0005 (p. 9)
M. Ordaining the Future	
M 358.1. Evil predictions concerning journeys	S-0007 (p. 42)
N. Chance and Fate	
N 118. Issues left to fate (luck)	
P. Society	
P 251.3. Brothers follow each other in exile	S-0003 (p. 35)
R. Captives and Fugitives	
R 138. Rescue from shipwreck	S-0002 (p. 34)
R 210. Escapes	S-0014 (p. 57)
V. Religion	
V 540. Intervention of Providence saves person's life	S-0012 (p. 53)



**List of Motifs from Marjetta Simonsuuri–Lauri Jauhiainen’s
*The Type and Motif Index of Finnish Belief Legends and Memorates***

A 51. Death omen

- person is seen prior to his death, somewhere other than his actual location /
person’s doppelgänger is seen I-0002 (p. 4)
..... S-0015 (p. 59)

A 101. Death omen

- being in human form: tall back man ... is a sign of death or that someone dies
at the same moment I-0002 (p. 4)

A 141 Omen of accident, loss of home, shipwreck

- being in human form appears – disappears I-0002 (p. 4)
..... S-0007 (p. 42)

A 331 Omen of accident, harm, shipwreck

- a strange sight is seen I-0002 (p. 4), 0006 (p. 10), 0007 (p. 11), 0008 (p. 11)
..... S-0007 (p. 42)

A 801. Dead person

- appears in dream—reveals some matter S-0001 (p. 31), 0006 (p. 41)

B 1. Ghost in human form

- headless man appears in the evening I-0004 (p. 8)

C 621. Strange, supranormal things

- are seen and heard at the site of a death, drowning, accident I-0002 (p. 4)

R 501. Large fish, sea-monster

- appears to humans I-0005 (p. 9), 0009 (p. 13)

L 301. Water-cows

- Fat, beautiful cows come ashore to pasture S-0004 (p. 37)

**List of Tale Types from
Reidar Th. Christiansen’s *The Migratory Legends* and
Bo Almqvist’s *Migratory Legend Suggested Irish Type***

- 4085:** The Seahorse and the Seaserpent I-0015 (p. 27)
..... S-0008 (p. 46)
4086: The Water Horse as Work-Horse S-0004 (p. 37)
4060: The Mermaid’s Message S-0009 (p. 47), 0010 (p. 47)
5080: Food from the Fairies I-0011 (p. 18)
?6055: Fairy Cows S-0004 (p. 37)



List of Geographical Locations

America

- Canada S-0003 (p. 35)
- also* “Land of Hope” (ScG. Tír an Dòchais) S-0003 (p. 35)
- New York S-0011 (p. 50)

Ireland

Antrim

- Ballycastle I-0005 (p. 9)
- Belfast S-0007 (p. 42)
- Rathlin I-0005 (p. 9)

Derry

- Derry S-0006 (p. 41)

Donegal

- Slieve League (Ir. Sliabh Liag) I-0015 (p. 27)
- Tory Island (Ir. Toraigh) I-0003 (p. 5)
- Teelin (Ir. Teileann) I-0015 (p. 27)

Dublin

- Dublin I-0009 (p. 13)

Galway

- Ballinakill (Ir. Baile na Cille) I-0012 (p. 19)
- The Western Island (Ir. An tOileán Iarthach),
Inishmore, Aran (Ir. Árann Mhór) I-0012 (p. 19)

Mayo

- Curraunboy (Ir. An Corrán Buí) I-0010 (p. 15)
- Kilgalligan (Ir. Cill Ghalagáin) I-0004 (p. 8)
- Portacloy (Ir. Port a' Chlóidh) I-0010 (p. 15), 0011 (p. 18)
- Rockfield (Ir. Ceathrú na gCloch) I-0010 (p. 15)
- Toghercloheen (Ir. Barr na Spince) I-0010 (p. 15)

Kerry

- Ardamore (Ir. Arda Mór) I-0002 (p. 4)
- Ballydavid (Ir. Baile Dháith) I-0002 (p. 4)
- Ballybunnion (Ir. Baile an Bhuinneánaigh) I-0013 (p. 22)
- Curraghatoosane (Ir. Currach an tSuasáin) I-0013 (p. 22)
- Dingle area (Ir. Corca Dhuibhne) I-0002 (p. 4)
- Faha (Ir. An Fhaiche) I-0013 (p. 22)
- Great Blasket (Ir. An Blascaod Mór) I-0001 (p. 3)

Waterford

- Ardmore I-0006 (p. 10), 0007 (p. 11)

Wexford

- Ballygerry (Ir. Baile Déire) I-0014 (p. 26)
- Bannow I-0014 (p. 26)
- Duncormick I-0014 (p. 26)
- Rosslare Pier I-0014 (p. 26)

Scotland

Argyll

- Morvern (ScG. A’ Mhorbhairne) S-0005 (p. 39)
- Druimnin (ScG. Na Druimeanan) S-0005 (p. 39)

Glasgow

- Glasgow (ScG. Glaschu) S-0007 (p. 42)

Highlands

- Lochcarron S-0015 (p. 59)
- Glenelg S-0001 (p. 31)

Islay

- Braigo S-0006 (p. 41)
- Port Ellen S-0006 (p. 41)
- Saligo S-0006 (p. 41)

Skye (ScG. An t-Eilean Sgitheanach)

- Skye, The Isle of S-0001 (p. 31), S-0011 (p. 50), S-0015 (p. 59)
- Braes of Trotternish (ScG. Bràigh an Taobh Sear) S-0001 (p. 31)
- Glendale (ScG. Gleann Dail) S-0015 (p. 59)
- Portree (ScG. Port Rìgh) S-0001 (p. 31)
- Loch Bracadale (ScG. Loch Bràcadail) S-0011 (p. 50)

Western Isles (ScG. Na h-Eileanan Siar)

- Barra (ScG. Barraigh) S-0003 (p. 35), 0016 (p. 59)
- Castlebay (ScG. Bhàgh a’ Chaisteil) S-0003 (p. 35)
- Berneray S-0014 (p. 57)
- Eriskay (ScG. Èirisgeigh) S-0011 (p. 50), 0012 (p. 53), 0013 (p. 55)
- Haun (ScG. Haunn) S-0012 (p. 53)
- Sound of Eriskay (ScG. Caolas Èiriosgaigh) S-0012 (p. 53)
- Fuday (ScG. Fùideigh) S-0013 (p. 55)
- Grimsay S-0004 (p. 37), 0007 (p. 42)
- Lewis, The Isle of (ScG. An t-Eilean Leòdhais)
- Stornoway (ScG. Steòrnabhagh) S-0002 (p. 34)
- Point, The (ScG. An Rubha) S-0002 (p. 34)
- Mingulay, The Isle of (ScG. Miùghalaigh) S-0008 (p. 46), 0010 (p. 47), 0014 (p. 57)
- Pabbay, The Isle of (ScG. Pabaigh) S-0014 (p. 57)
- Vatersay (ScG. Bhatarsaigh) S-0003 (p. 35), 0008 (p. 46), 0009 (p. 47), 0010 (p. 47)
- Ben Vatersay (ScG. Beinn Bhatarsaidh) S-0009 (p. 47)



List of Informants

Ireland

Anonymous, Dingle Area(?):	I-0002 (p. 4)
Pádraig (Peats Tom) Ó Cearnaigh, Great Blasket:	I-0001 (p. 3)
Jimí Dixon, Tory island:	I-0003 (p. 5)
Seán Ó hEínirí, Kilgalligan:	I-0004 (p. 8)
Jimmy Rooney, Ardmore:	I-0008 (p. 11)
Paddy Downey, Ardmore:	I-0006 (p. 10)
Mikie Lynch, Ardmore:	I-0007 (p. 11)
Donal McCurdy, Rathlin:	I-0005 (p. 9)
Seán Ó Neachtain, Portacloy:	I-0010 (p. 15), 0011 (p. 18)
Paddy Lynch, Dublin:	I-0009 (p. 13)
Pádraic Ó Clocharta, Ballinakill:	I-0012 (p. 19)
Seán Ó Cearmuda, Curraghatoosane:	I-0013 (p. 22)
Mary Cox, Duncormick:	I-0014 (p. 26)
Micheál Ó hIghne, Teelin:	I-0015 (p. 27)

Scotland

Anonymous, Stornoway Area(?):	S-0002 (p. 34)
Peter Morrison, Grimsay:	S-0004 (p. 37), 0007 (p. 42)
Nan MacKinnon, Vatersay:	S-0008 (p. 46), 0010 (p. 47)
Jonathan MacLeod, Vatersay:	S-0009 (p. 47)
Ealasaid Chaimbeul, Barra:	S-0003 (p. 35)
Rev. Norman MacDonald, Glenelg:	S-0001 (p. 31)
Jessie Cameron, Morvern:	S-0005 (p. 39)
Mrs Earl, Port Ellen:	S-0006 (p. 41)
Archibald MacInnes, Eriskay:	S-0012 (p. 53), 0013 (p. 55)
Ronald Johnston, Eriskay:	S-0011 (p. 50)
Peter Sinclair, Berneray:	S-0014 (p. 57)
Mrs Macnair, Lochcarron:	S-0015 (p. 59)
Mrs Maclean, Barra:	S-0016 (p. 59)

List of Collectors

Ireland

Leo Corduff	I-0010 (p. 15), 0011 (p. 18)
Pronnsias De Búrca	I-0012 (p. 19)
Séamas Ó Catháin	I-0004 (p. 8)
Thomas Ó Ciardha	I-0014 (p. 26)
Seosamh Ó Dálaigh	I-0001 (p. 3), 0013 (p. 22)
Seán Ó hEochaidh	I-0003 (p. 5), 0015 (p. 27)
Michael J. Murphy	I-0005 (p. 9)
Éilis Ní Dhuibhne	I-0009 (p. 13)
Brenda Ní Shuilleabháin	I-0002 (p. 4)
James T. Quain	I-0006 (p. 10), 0007 (p. 11), 0008 (p. 11)

Scotland

Anonymous	S-0014 (p. 57), 0015 (p. 59), 0016 (p. 59)
Ealasaid Chaimbeul	S-0003 (p. 35)
Tormod Calum Domhnallach	S-0002 (p. 34)
Donald Macdonald	S-0011 (p. 50), 0012 (p. 53), 0013 (p. 55)
Donald Archie MacDonald	S-0004 (p. 37), 0005 (p. 39), 0007 (p. 42)
Mary MacDonald	S-0006 (p. 41)
John MacInnes	S-0005 (p. 39)
Calum I. Maclean	S-0001 (p. 31)
James Ross	S-0008 (p. 46), 0009 (p. 47), 0010 (p. 47)



Fo loé eáicé aóda dam aro in reeng oron oringeo zraiz
epoalca fo brynnib báre tonó mo auzí cnaicé mo fpaiz

Beneath Loch nEchach I have my dwelling now: high above me is the once solid surface with troops of horses trod;
under ships' rounded hulls is my appointed place; the wave it is my roof, the shore my wall
Aided Echach Meic Máireda



Crocs in the quarry

Ireland, Dublin



Arts & Humanities
Research Council

English text

Then there was one at the back of Marble lars, that was a formidable looking quarry altogether, had a bridge on it. There was a woman I knew, and she's still alive, and one of her little boys was drowned in there a couple of years ago, three or four years ago. Craig had a pumping engine on it, or built on the side of the bank and it used to take the water to the west and they'd bottle it, you know? And then, according to what I heard he shoved in hundreds upon hundreds of rainbow trout into it, to purify the water, you know? Of course that's filled in now. And the one on the Ballybogan Road, that's filled in too. And the one on Drumseen Lane, that's filled in.

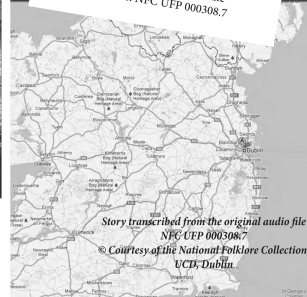
But the one on the Ballybogan Road, there was a gypsy, his wife and a couple of children who used to caravan around that, you know? Nice fella, nice fella. What the hell is this his name was? Ward! Nice fella. Well, where he was parked there was just a little bit of a bank, barbed wire, and there was a slope down to the water's edge and, eh, I was going out one morning, myself and another man and we missed him beside the bank and when we got up Cappagh Hill, well Moffin's Hill we used to call it, it leads now up to Belmont's, [...] West. He was away up on the hill and we were stopped and we were chatting and talking to him. The other man says to him: "Was the guard on you?" "Oh, no," says he, "no". "Did you shift it?" "Aye, got out, had enough of that place," he says. And we asked him why. "Well," he says, "I'm in the habit of going down", he says, "washing myself in the morning, you could wash yourself in the water, you could walk out the quarry to the water's edge. The next thing I knew I was washing myself down a couple of mornings back, says he, and I seen enough", says he, "I got a bite in the arm." I says to him, "what did you see?" "Oh," says he, "you know them lads, says he with the big jaw [!]? he says, "Fish?" "No, no", says he, "not a fish, no". "If it was a fish", he says, "I would have him", cause ... would clean a river out in no time. "Oh you know them things", he says, "does he out in the foreign countries in the water, big jaws on them?" "A crocodile, an alligator?" "That's it, a crocodile, I seen one about that length, fierce looking".

Now people would think that was a yarn but it is possible it's the truth because I'll tell you why; that could have been a person now we all knew, an aul farmer, could have made a place for a miniature croc that got too big, and that was down on that farm. Throw him into the quarry.



Photo: Jack Kilduff, Lucan, Co. Dublin (May 1980)
Photographer: Déamas Mac Philib
UFP 00014 © Courtesy of the National Folklore Collection,
UCD, Dublin

Location: Ireland, Dublin,
11 O'Devaney Gardens
Year: 1980
Informant: Paddy Lynch
Collector: Eilis Ni Dhuibhne
Reference: NFC UFP 000308.7



Story transcribed from the original audio file
NFC UFP 000308.7
© Courtesy of the National Folklore Collection,
UCD, Dublin.

www.arts.ulster.ac.uk/storiesofthesea



www.curach-bhan.com